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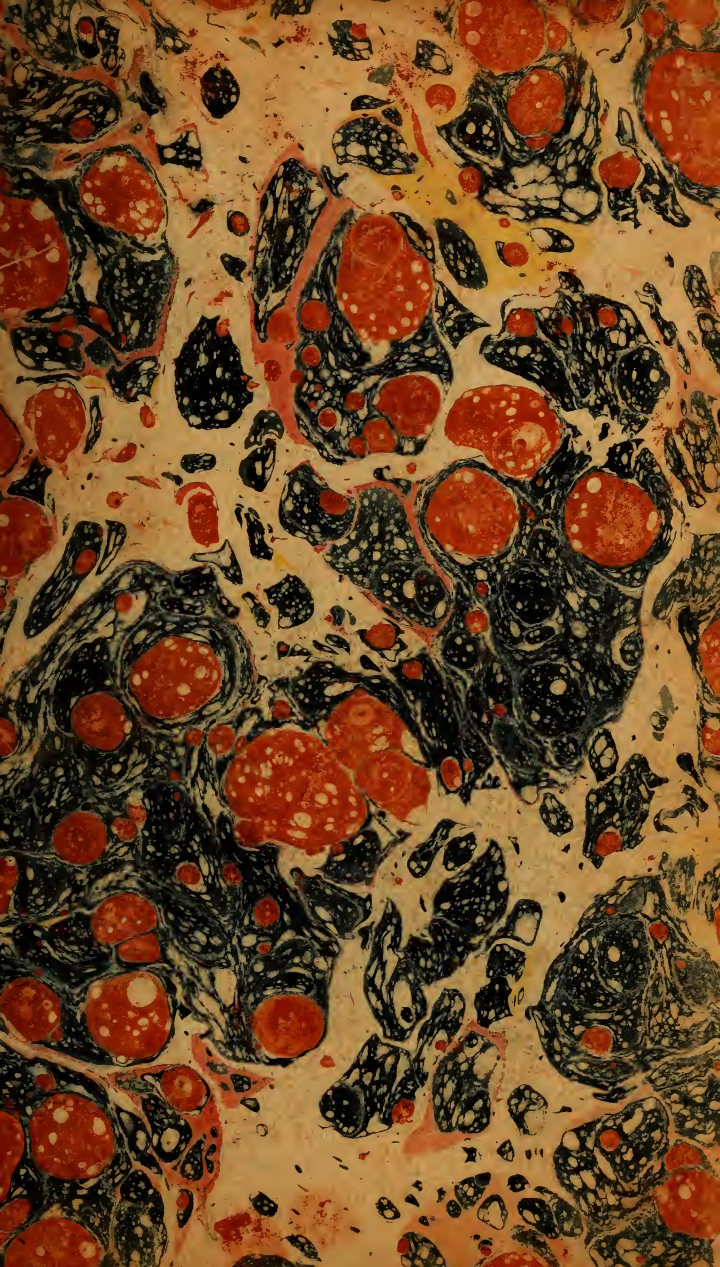

530

Minstrelsy of Erin,

OR

POEMS

LYRICAL, PASTORAL, AND DESCRIPTIVE.

BY

MATTHEW WELD HARTSTONGE, Esq.

"*Illa canenda mihi est. Utinam modo dicere possem*
"*Carmina digna!*"——OVID.

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TO

WALTER SCOTT, Esq.

To thee shall Erin's lay belong,
Inspired by raptures of thine own;
Be thine my introductive song,
Though from a bard to fame unknown.
Deign yet in Yarrow's bow'r to dwell,
Awake the bard's intrepid lyre;
Pour forth thy manly war-note's swell,
A patriot's and a poet's fire!
Thus, while on Lomond's height you roam,
Or range on Katrine's lonely strand,
Be thine each bright reward at home,
The friend, the pride of Scotia's land!

Yet once again thy battle-trump resume!
To deeds of glory arm the martial throng;
Awake, call forth the valiant from the tomb,
With all thy magic force and fire of song!

MATTHEW WELD HARTSTONGE.

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MINSTRELSY OF ERIN.

ON LANDING AT

PENROSE IVYLUN,[1] ISLE OF ANGLESEA,

NORTH WALES;

INCLUDING

THE TALE OF HOEL AND ROZELLE.

ROMANTIC Mona, rocky isle,[2]
Where Nature, with a step-dame's smile,
Scarce sheds a summer ray![3]

---

[1] The very dangerous little creek of Penrose Ivylun is situated to the north-east, and about three miles distant from Holyhead. It is here spelt as it is usually pronounced. The orthography I believe to be Penchrôse Iflywn; the letter F sounding in the Welsh similar to the letter V in the English language. Some pronounce it Pentis Avild.

[2] This island is noticed by Cæsar in his Commentaries *De Bello Gallico*, L. V. xiii. "*In hoc medio cursu est insula quæ appellatur Mona.*"

[3] Mona is called, in the language of the country, Ynys Dowyll, the *Dark Island*. See notes to Madoc, a poem by Robert Southey, p. 454.

Hail yet thy bold and classic shore,
Renowned seat of bards of yore,
And many a minstrel grey!

II.

Here erst beneath the spreading oak,
Their prophecies the Druids spoke;
That stone their holy shrine.
They held blest converse with the sky,
Saw sights conceal'd from mortal eye;
And from their temple, nature's grove,
Sung glory to their God above,
And utter'd truths divine.

III.

But long these mystic tones have fled,
And low is laid each patriot head!
The harp no more, with friendly call,
Invites the stranger to the hall
Of Cambria's social shore.
These days of triumph long are past,
And mourns the isle, with gloom o'ercast,
Her regal tow'rs no more![4]

[4] "Her regal tow'rs no more!"—The palace of Aberfraw,

Here Cambrians made a noble stand,
Contending for their native land,
And burst the Roman yoke;
O'erthrew the Saxons, quell'd the Danes,
Fair freedom crown'd their happy plains,
When hostile chains were broke.

V.

No trace remains of grandeur past,
Thy oaks have bow'd beneath the blast;
Each Druid-relique razed.
No Gothic structure here is shewn,
Save the rude massive altar-stone,
By rustic wonder praised!

VI.

No more with oaken cincture prest,
Nor in his snow-white raiment drest,

---

of which barely a vestige now remains, was, in A. D. 873, the palace and the seat of the government of the kings of North Wales.

While chains of gold his neck surround,
His arms with golden bracelets bound,
Shall Pontiff-Druid[5] come:
No voice, no patriot wish prevail,
Ev'n beauty's winning smile shall fail,
To call him from the tomb!

VII.

These days are past, nor grieve we thence;
Truths, since reveal'd, expand the sense
Of mortals here below.
Religion's mild redeeming ray
Illumes sojourners on their way,
And holy themes can shew;

---

[5] The Druids had one chief, or Arch-Druid, in every nation, who acted as High Priest, or *Pontifex Maximus*.—Vide Cæsar's Commentaries de Bello Gallico, L. 6. c. 13.—The residence of the Arch-Druid of Britain was in the isle of Anglesea.—See Rowland's Mona Antiqua, p. 83.—And for a more minute detail of the religion, learning, laws, &c. of the Druids, see the "History of Druidism," in Dr Henry's History of England, contained in chap. 2. vol. I. p. 89.—See also Toland's History of the Druids.

From earth to Heaven directs the road,
And leads unto the blest abode,
Where shines eternal day.

VIII.

Hail, Mona! though thy bards are fled,
And all thy rev'rend Druids dead,
Thy former greatness past!
Hail, land beloved in poet's song,
While rolls Menai[6] his tide along,
Thy fame shall ever last!

IX.

The waves that break on Gwyned's[7] shore,
Returning with the tide,
Are heard by sullen Penman-maur,
And wake cold Snowden's side,
Till distance lulls the roar;
While the silvery moon-light sheen,
Sleeping on midnight lake is seen
Some cavern'd rock beside.

---

[6] The Straits of Menai.
[7] Gwyned, *i. e.* North Wal s.

X.

How vain these stormy cliffs to brave,
Whose frowning brows o'erhang the wave,
And awe the stranger eye!
What plaintive strains arrest mine ear,
Sure doleful notes of woe I hear,
Of wretch condemn'd to die!

XI.

Behold! from yon tremendous surge,
A more than earthly form emerge,
While viewless harps breathe solemn dirge,
From azure depths below!
Prophetic, as from wizard caves,
Re-echoing o'er cærulean waves,
Is heard the voice of woe!

XII.

He comes, he comes, in snow-white vest,
Beneath the weight of years opprest,
A bard, or troubadour!
His brow entwined with oaken band,
His harp resounds o'er Cambria's strand,
'Tis some magician sure!

XIII.

While rising from the buoyant main,
He tunes a melancholy strain;
His boding voice is heard meanwhile,
To warn you from this fatal isle,
Where howling tempests roar.
With anguish deep he smites his breast,
In mournful cadence then exprest,
" Avoid his stormy shore!

XIV.

" Though here luxuriant valleys smile,
And rocks romantic fence the isle,
Destruction still your crew awaits;
Rash stranger, fly these stormy streights,"
Exclaims the hoary bard!
" For many a hapless bark here lost,
Resounding death-shrieks fright the coast—
My warning, oh regard!
Shun the portentous shore!
Trust not the calm's deceitful smile,
But shun the horrors of this isle,
Before the tempest roar!

XV.

" My war-toned harp in days of old,
To fight has roused each baron bold,
And oft beguiled the midnight hour,
While strains of love, in lady's bow'r,
Could the blithe feast prolong."—
To yonder rock the bard retires,
He tunes his voice and strikes the wires—
Hark! wild and mournful measures flow,
While warbling forth a tale of woe,
Resounds the minstrel-song.

XVI.

HOEL AND ROZELLE: A TALE.

Full long has closed the lofty day,
When Gwyned held imperial sway.
Two lovers of that happy time,
The bard would now extol in rhyme,
And of their virtues tell.
The gallant youth was Hoel named,
Rozelle, the maid, for beauty framed,
For worth was famed as well.

XVII.

Hoel, the pride of Cambrian swains;
Rozelle, the boast of Erin's plains,
Though born of Welch degree.
Pledged was their faith, from early youth,
He knew her constancy and truth,
And long'd his bride to see.

XVIII.

To meet her mother's race beloved,
On Mona's darkling shore,
From Erin's coast, Rozelle removed,
Her absence all deplore.
The bark careering mounts the tide,
As Liffey's streams to ocean glide.
Sailors exalt the spreading sail,
The canvas swelling in the gale,
Light favouring breezes blow:
While Erin's banners raised on high,
All proudly streaming to the sky,
In splendid blazon shew.

Thence shone the harp, on field of green,
Gold, strung with argent chords between;
The radiate crown surmounted seen,
Sent far its golden glow.

XIX.

The galley's oars impetuous sweep
With rapid course the dark-blue deep:
Now oft was heard the faint "adieu!"
And oft the fond "farewell!"
As less'ning sunk the land to view,
Where friendship loves to dwell.
Oh, Erin! much loved natal spot,
Adored from infant youth;
Thou ne'er by me shalt be forgot,
Thy virtue, valour, truth!
Erin! on thy loved plain to die,
Where brave and honour'd patriots lie,
Grant Heaven it be my lot!
Could I from other regions see,
(When I reluctant part from thee,)
Or hear some heavenly voice
Proclaim, dear Country, thou wert free,
My spirit should rejoice!

XX.

Portentous see yon gath'ring cloud,
The wide horizon's bounds enshroud,
Precursor of dire storms:
The proud wave rears his heightened crest,
Pale horror freezes every breast,
And darkness day deforms.

Now the fierce angry blast arose,
And the firm main-top-mast o'erthrows,
Which, harshly snapping, bursts in twain,
And, crashing in the roaring main,
Dismays the silent crew.
Each of his home despairing thinks,
Inward the heart-fall'n spirit shrinks,
No rescuing hand in view.

XXI.

Hoel, as oft returned the tide,
Wander'd wild Penrose' creek beside,
In hopes a sail to see;

And, musing on the ocean's roar,
Beheld the billows roll to shore,
With fond expectancy;
Assured Rozelle, green Erin's boast,
Would soon approach the Cambrian coast,
Dear seat of ancestry!

And lo! a maid of lovely form,
Vainly contending with the storm,—
All breathless is the fair;
Grasping a plank with desp'rate hand,
Haply might waft her to the land,
But ah 'tis all despair!
To rescue from a wat'ry grave,
See Hoel plunge, her life to save;
Love only thus could dare!

That morn he stood, while raged the gale,
Oh! listen to my mournful tale!
While waved the streaming flag to view,
Green Erin's standard well he knew,
As silently he gazed.

What can escape a lover's eye?
When the expected fair is nigh,
Exposed minutest objects lie,
And to the sight are raised!

XXII.

A fisher's bark on that same day,
Perchance arrived in Penrose bay,
And happily I ween.
"Behold yon crew the tempests drives,
Haste, let us save their valued lives!"—
He said; and Hoel's seen
Promptly to wing the speedy oar,
Which wafts the rapid bark from shore,
Over the salt wave green.
Th' affrighted boatmen wav'ring stand;
Impetuous darts the bark from land,
In sudden flight so keen:
Like arrow from the cross-bow sent,
Flying the hasty galley went,
The broken waves between.

XXIII.

" Ah, generous youth!" the boatmen cried,
How nobly has he stemm'd the tide,
Intrepid for the fair!"
Ill could the bard the feelings tell
Which warm'd the breast of bright Rozelle,
Now rescued from despair!

ROZELLE.

" Art thou return'd? preserver, friend!
On thee may ev'ry bliss attend,
Protection from above!
Long, long adored, could I impart
The feelings of a grateful heart,
My first, my only love!

HOEL.

Fond love! call not thy influence weak,
When eyes like thine persuasion speak,
I look and I obey!
On beauty's smile shall influence wait,
Oh, to be thine, permitted fate,

No other wish I'd seek but this,
Which should ensure me lasting bliss,
Never from thee to stray!"

XXV.

ROZELLE.

" 'Tis thine, my love, oh, joy to meet,
A rescued victim thee will greet!
My Hoel, never more we'll part,
Rozelle is thine, accept her heart,
Her hand, herself, are thine!"

HOEL.

" Rejoiced this long-sought bliss I take,
And thee, oh never, shall forsake!
Through life to thee I'll constant prove,
As firm this arm hath snatch'd my love
From the destructive brine!"

XXVI.

Now rescued in a fisher's skiff,
They nigh had reach'd wild Penrose cliff.—

Reluctant yet, the bard must tell
The mournfull fate which them befell
On that devoted day!
High waves the struggling bark o'erwhelm,
No more the pilot guides the helm,
The rudder borne away.
In vain they ply'd the struggling oar,
The bark is shiver'd on the shore!
In death's convulsive grasp they lie,
Living embraced, embraced they die,
Their folded arms around.
A stately elm I thus have seen,
The monarch of the sylvan green,
Laid level with the ground,
Whose stem with woodbine tendrils bound,
Their fondest circling clasps around,
Flung prostrate by the lightning-flash,
Groaning the earth, beneath the crash,
And the long-pealing thunder-sound.
Shrieks borne along the dismal gale,
The death-devoted crew bewail,
Who sunk in Penrose bay:
'Twas here the generous Hoel died,
Engulph'd in Cambria's wrathful tide,
On that disastrous day.

XXVII.

Bright sparkling flame emits the tomb,
Dread beacon of the seaman's doom,
To fright him from this coast;
Warning to shun the fatal blow,
Which laid the youthful lovers low,
Their country's pride and boast!—
" Oh virtuous, doom'd an early grave,
The victims of the ruthless wave!"
(Thus sculptured numbers say.)
The yawning tomb, from hearse of lead,
Yields up again the buried dead,
Each year on that dread day.
While Hoel fondly clasps the fair,
Vanish their forms in misty air,
Or 'neath the shrine below.
In peals of thunder shuts the tomb,
As loud is heard the lover's doom,
In deepest notes of woe.
" Oh, early destined for the sky,
True virtuous love can never die,
But to the heavens shall soar!"
These awe-impressive scenes appear

Once in each sad revolving year,
Till time shall be no more!
All on the day that Hoel brave
Perish'd beneath a wat'ry grave,
Lamented, lost, admired!

Thus immature in beauty fell
The youthful pair my numbers tell,
More virtuous ne'er expired!

XXVIII.

The tale concluded, strains we hear,
As when some hoary prophet-seer,
Or anthem's peal arrests the ear.
Lo! stranger, in yon cavern'd grot,
You still may trace the burial spot
Of Hoel and Rozelle.
"Oh, virtuous, doomed an early grave,
The victims of the ruthless wave,"
Their sculptured urns thus tell.

XXIX.

Anxious to save the lives of men,
When ships near Penrose-cliff I ken,
From the blue deep I rise;

While plaintive chords the death shall tell,
Of Hoel and beloved Rozelle,
My warning voice replies.

XXX.

Here sounds of mournful note ensued,
Sounds, none with feeling hearts endued,
Could without pity hear.
He thus resumes the doleful strain;
" List, ere beneath the roaring main,
Your bard shall disappear.
Respect the instructive voice of age,
Forewarn'd avoid the ocean's rage;
The fate which my sad verses tell
O'ertook brave Hoel and Rozelle."

XXXI.

The bard is gone, the song is o'er,
And silent now the lyre;
The wearied sea-fowl fly to shore,
And glad to rest retire:
While in bright wave the sun behold,
In ruby-studded car of gold,
With radiant blaze expire!

But though the glorious orb hath sped,
Although the lovers both are dead,—
Virtue, surmounting space and time,
Records their worth in minstrel-rhyme,
Where lives their love once more!

LINES

WRITTEN AT TURK-LAKE,[9] KILLARNEY, COUNTY OF KERRY, IRELAND.

ENRAPTURING scene! how romantic each view!
These caverns,[x] mysterious, thy charms ever new;

---

[9] The middle lake, called Turk-lake, from its being placed at the base of Turk-mountain.

[x] There is something awfully impressive in the conformation of the shores of the middle (or Turk) lake, particularly at the northern range, which comprehends the beautiful peninsula of Mucross. The limestone rocks, presenting their variegated aspect, as if hoary from the incursions of time and seasons, project on the verge of the lake, and are excavated at their base, from the attrition of the waters, into various fantastic forms, chiefly resembling ancient English (or Gothic) arches, supported by natural columns, curiously wrought, of similar form to those seen in the aisles of our cathedrals, extending in vast continuity, and the solemn greyish tint of the rocks relieved by the resplendent verdure with which the liberality of nature has romantically adorned their summits,

Yon snow-mantled peaks, and thy wild spreading
woods,
With dark glens, and green islands, in soft-bosom'd
floods.
Fair realm of enchantment, where nature's proud
throne
She exalted, and stamp'd ev'ry spot as her own;
In the precipice tall, the green arbutus shade,
Each mountain and valley her charms have display'd.
How towering thy reeks[2] in defiance of time,
Thy coasts so luxuriant, thy mountains sublime!

---

from whence spring forth, from the solid rock, arbutus, oak, mountain-ash, yew, holly, hazel, lauru-stinus, heaths, lichens, bog-myrtle, wild flowers, &c. spreading luxuriant odours around, while the verdant groves gracefully wave their varied foliage over the curling waters.

[2] "Magillicuddy's reeks are computed to be three thou-"sand four hundred and eighteen feet in height, and suppo-"sed to be the most lofty mountains in Ireland."—WELD's *Illustrations of the Scenery of Killarney*, &c.

The lake of Killarney is otherwise called Lough-lane, or Loch-lean, from its being surrounded by high mountains.—*Encyclopædia Britannica.* Dublin edit. 1792, vol. IX. p. 459.

It seems, however, probably, to have been so called from the river *Laune*, or *Lane*, which is the only outlet of the lake (See *note* on poem, "written at the lakes of Killarney.") By this name the lakes were anciently distinguished, as appears

Oh, ever unchanged may thy beauties remain,
And ever spring verdant the banks of Loch-lane!
How inspiring the sound of the joy-pealing horn,
When deep echo awakens the breath of the morn!
To thy scenes soft enchantment must ever belong,
While mem'ry's fond image illumines my song.

As when Æolus breathes on his harp the soft sigh,
Symphonious the cadences swell through the sky;
On zephyr's calm bosom they tranquilly float,
Modulation each tone, and vibration each note;
Delighted each listener soft harmony fills,
Which echo repeats from her cave in thy hills.
But when the dread tempest tremendously roars,
How frightful thy waters and billowy shores!
Not the sea in commotion, while wildly it raves,
Can equal the fury and force of thy waves;

---

from the edition of Sir James Ware's Antiquities of Ireland, edited by Walter Harris, Esq. where this unrivalled lake is likewise called "Loch-lein, or Lough-lane."—*Vide* WARE'S *Antiquities of Ireland*, p. 227.

Lein (or lane) signifies, in the Irish language, learning. The island of Innisfallen, seated in the lower (and largest) lake, was undoubtedly (as appears from its records) at a very early period, the seat of piety and learning; and hence, perhaps, *a priori*, the source of the names of both lakes and river.

The tempest still rages; but, scorning its force,
From yon rock mounts the eagle his heavenward course.
Lo! sullenly tow'ring, stupendous his form,
He spreads his broad pinions, rejoicing in storm.
Now hark! the loud thundering cannon's deep roar,
Burst round the high rock, the steep islet and shore;
The mountains and hollow dark caverns rebound
Again, and again, the rebellowing sound.

Here the horn and the viol melodious combine,
Once more we hear, joyous, this concert divine:
How sweet on the lake, and how varied the tone!
But, ah, how regretted, when harmony's flown!

Henceforward, wherever I'm destin'd to rove
With transport I'll dwell on each lake and each grove.

I LOVE A GREY OCTOBER MORN!

WRITTEN NEAR THE CITY OF DUBLIN.

I LOVE a grey October morn,
When sounds the hunter's cheerful horn;
When the staunch hounds with hollow cry,
Swift o'er the fields of stubble fly;
While busy rooks, at break of day,
Desert their nests in quest of prey.[3]—
Ah! now the equinoctial breeze
Moans amid sighs of rustling trees.
'Tis now the startled wood-quest roves,
And cooing mourns his leafless groves,
Some lonely leaves a while delay,
Then fall beneath the wand'rer's way.—

[3] The rooks begin to build in March; in October they repair their nests.

The gloomy bittern[4] now is seen,
Stalking the waving sedge between.
The Alba[5] skims the silv'ry lake,
The sportsman climbs the thorny brake;
The goldfinch chaunts a parting song,
The hawthorn's berried boughs among.
Observe the plaintive plover sail,
Upborne on equinoctial gale;
How soft yon mountain's distant view,
Dim-veil'd in shadowy purple hue;
And sweet the farmer's tuneful song,
As blithe he drives his team along.
Well pleased his cottage smoke he views,
His way as onward he pursues!
The redbreast thrills his matin lay,
Most sweetly warbling all the day.

---

[4] The stellaris, or bittern. In the reign of Henry VIII. authors mention it was held in much esteem at table, and valued at *one shilling!* They add, its flesh has much the flavour of a hare, and nothing of the fishiness of the heron. The generic name is *Ardea.*

[5] The *Alba*, or white wagtail, frequents the banks of ponds and small streams, and frequently, like the swallow, wantons on the eddying pool, seizing the winged insect as it floats on the current.

The sparrow, on some lonely shed,
Bewails his summer pastime fled;
Though summer's glowing charms I scorn,
Yet love a grey October morn:
For then will Contemplation rove,
(Though cold the sky, and leafless grove,)
Of nature's charms still fondly teli,
And on the scene with rapture dwell.

THE

SUN HATH SUNK IN THETIS' BED.

THE sun hath sunk in Thetis' bed,
The western sky is tinged with red;
Dim solemn twilight shades the plain,
While homeward hies each wearied swain;
For these the thrifty dames prepare,
With them the social meal to share.
Ah, cheerful is the peasant's cot,
Content awaits the peasant's lot!
He still can claim calm peace and health,
And, rich in these, despises wealth;—
The circling rooks, in homeward flight,
Loud chatt'ring on their nests alight,
As they would chide the tardy night.
The lowing herds returning home,
With joy approach the straw-crown'd dome.

The bird of night resumes his rounds,
His drowsy horn the beetle sounds.
How slowly creaks the laden team,
O'er village road, or pebbled stream!
Ths hamlet mastiff bays aloud,
As Cynthia beams above the cloud.

Oft let the muse, at ev'ning hour,
Late ponder in the woodbine bow'r;
Beneath broad oak, or chesnut tall,
Near some deep murmuring waterfall;
Or mid the gloomy shaded grove
Revolve the theme of hapless love.—
Where yonder rock frowns o'er the main,
I'll dwell on friendship's sacred strain.
How many on thy waters roam,
Far distant from their pleasant home!
While thus I think, deep sighs I'll heave,
And waft them o'er the distant wave:
In health, O! heav'n, dear friends restore,
To kindred and their native shore!
Let them, war's dreadful carnage past,
Regain their peaceful home at last.

AUTUMN,

OR REFLECTIONS ON HUMAN LIFE.

Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.
HOR. O. IV. L. I.

Sed fugit interea, fugit irreparabile tempus.
VIR. Geor. L. I.

LUXURIANT Summer's season past,
Howls the loud bleak autumnal blast:
The foaming waves, high lifted, roar,
And frequent strike th' indented shore.
The sun, from stormy Libra's way,
Gleams forth a wat'ry cheerless ray.
No more the days protract their light,
But rival now in space the night.
Fast fall the leaves, slow pace the hours,
Chill cold attends on frequent show'rs.
The harvest past, safe stored the grain,
Fleet harriers course the stubbled plain;

The sons of jocund sport appear,
And join the chase in swift career.
Ah, little dream those thoughtless souls,
While youth's fleet season onward rolls,
Their summer too will soon pass o'er,
And man's pursuits shall be no more!

Hail, life's pure spring, untainted truth;
Hail, early worth, ingenuous youth!
Unmoved by care, unknown to sorrow,
Hail, season reckless of to-morrow!
While innocence each hour employs,
With smiling hope and harmless joys;
Like some fleet roe, or playful fawn,
Youth bounds o'er nature's verdant lawn;
Serene his life, of happiest peace,
Unstain'd by vice, mankind's disgrace;
The guilty pang, the conscious sigh,—
Prepared alike to live or die.
Soon, soon these blissful dreams are o'er,
And fled these joys, life charms no more!

Manhood arrives, health's rosy day,
When summer flow'rs each path array,

And reason's calm bright beams appear,
With social worth and virtue dear;
But rapid glides this transient scene,
Nature throws off her robe of green.[1]
Comes autumn in sear foliage clad,
Dull, gloomy, frigid, sluggish, sad:
Emblem of life's fleet passing span,
A warning sage to short-lived man.
The falling leaves, with murm'ring sigh,
Instruct thee, man, thou too shalt die!
Not long thy days of brightness last,
Till night's dark shades the scene o'ercast,
And all terrestrial joy is past!

With hoary mists see winter crown'd,
Scatt'ring his chilling frosts around!
Hear the denouncing blast he blows,
Impetuous, see, the torrent flows,
While swift descend benumbing snows!
Snapt friendship's bonds and ties of love,
The soul aspires to bliss above.

---

[1] ——"But chiefly thou, gay green,
Thou smiling nature's universal robe."
THOMSON'S *Seasons.*

Extinct the spark of heav'nly flame,
That once illumed the vital frame.

As gleams some distant high-peak'd hill,
The sun's faint glories ling'ring still,
That vanish with the parting ray,
So glides the term of man's decay,
An unrecorded autumn day!

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE ROCKS OF KILCARRICK,[2] COUNTY OF CARLOW, IRELAND.

KILCARRICK, isolated vale!
Shelter'd from the boisterous gale;
Romantic, fair, enchanting spot!
Oh, never be thy charms forgot!
Delighted here, the eye may dwell
On hill, or dale, on rock, or dell,
Or hoary moss-capp'd pinnacle.

---

[2] The rocks of Scalp-seskin, which are, in fact, a continuation of Kilcarrick rocks, are extremely wild, and still more picturesque in themselves than the latter, though not comprehending so extensive a view; they are in every point worthy of observation: they are in the neighbourhood of Ballymoon-castle, about four miles distant from Leighlin-bridge.

Behold at distance, grand and wide,
Where Barrow rolls his pond'rous tide.
Majestic Leinster[3] meets the skies,
Here Blackstairs'[4] azure heights arise;
While there the grey-clad mountain[5] lies.
On sullen wing the falcon glides,
On rocky steep the goat abides;
On heathy couch reclines the hare,
Securely keeps the fox his lair,—
While, in aërial regions free,
The sky-lark hymns his minstrelsy.

No martial sound of trump, or drum,
To silence here the wild-bee's hum:

---

[3] The mountain called Mount-Leinster is partly in the county of Carlow, the minor part in the county of Wexford; in the former it fronts the south, in the latter the north.

[4] "Blackstairs-heights," a chain of mountains apparently connected with Mount-Leinster, partly in the county of Carlow, and partly in Wexford.

[5] "The grey-clad mountain," means Mount-Brandon, in the county of Kilkenny.

No hunter's horn, the vales along,
Startles the linnet's lonely song:
But each wild path, since time began,
Each glen is free from restless man.
Most grateful landscapes to my heart,
That eye, that mem'ry can impart.
While nations rage for sov'reign sway,
Contented here I lonely stray,
Where the wild-rose's sweets combine
With the dew-sparkling eglantine.
Grey rocks with plumes of fern are crown'd,
The tangled ivy creeps around.
The gaudy furze, in yellow bloom,
Here wafts its fragrant rich perfume;
While drooping waves the dark-green broom.
The purple heath from graceful stem,
Might form an artless diadem
For the lone genius of the scene,
Or mountain-nymph,[6] fair freedom's queen.

---

6 "And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty!"
MILTON's *L'Allegro*.

Serene the sky with balmy gales,
A pleasing stillness here prevails.
Ambition's woes are all unknown,
Hence each corrosive care is flown:
Content and competence are mine,
Oh, spare me these, great Pow'r divine!
Give me the sweet, the pensive vale!
Where no rude sounds the mind assail;
Mild Contemplation here may dwell,
Her silent shrine some rocky cell,
May here from mortal care retire,
And trim the lamp's pale midnight fire.
The trickling rill, so soft it flows,
Perchance might lull the mourner's woes,
Or yield to hapless love repose!

Then hail, ye pleasing rural charms,
Unstain'd with blood, or faction's arms;
And ever peaceful may remain,
The rocks that bound Kilcarrick's plain;
Tranquil, green Erin's sea-girt shore,
Though loud the storm at distance roar!

May no base tyrant's ghastly band
Enslave the fertile happy land;
But may it long united be,
In virtue, peace, and liberty!

WRITTEN AT AN INN,

ON READING SHENSTONE'S LINES, WHICH CONCLUDE WITH "HIS WARMEST WELCOME AT AN INN," INSCRIBED ON A PANE OF GLASS.

THE "warmest welcome at an inn!"
Oh yes, alack, I've sometimes found
The welcome! to be *taken in*,
Provided gold, or notes, abound.

But woe to him, whose empty purse
Wants cash, loved source of each delight,
An inn is then the greatest curse
The pauper flies from with affright.

Blest friendship! grateful for the past,
My benisons still wait on thee,
Oh, may such kindness ever last,
True friendship, thine's sincerity!

Thus while " I travel life's gay round,"
Its follies, or its wisdom, see,
I oft will turn, where joy is found,
To friendship that shall solace me.

STANZAS

WRITTEN ON SEEING A COCK-FIGHT WITHIN THE WALLS OF THE RUINED CASTLE OF CARLOW, PROVINCE OF LEINSTER, IRELAND.

I.

Say, could sweet fancy's magic charm
The contemplative hour employ,
While heard these peals of loud alarm,
Commingled with the bursts of joy?

II.

Ah, no! from yonder hoary tow'r,
Gilt by the sun's declining ray,
Discordant intonations pour,
Exulting in the cruel fray.

III.

To combat urged, not theirs the rage,
The plume-clad warriors now advance,
Unyielding, breathless they engage,
And bleeding spur the deadly lance.

IV.

Thus rush to war when clarions sound,
Confronted each imperial pow'r;
Ensanguined squadrons pile the ground,
The dire effects of one impassion'd hour.

V.

Vengeance and pride fierce man debase,
Bereft of reason, maniac, wild;
More callous than the brutal race,
More cruel far than nature's savage-child.

VI.

Tumultuous sounds once more arise,
With triumph see the victor led;
While joyous shouts resound the skies,
Behold the victor-champion dead!

VII.

Thou royal seat[7] of Erin's king,
Which flung defiance on the foe!
No more with patriot zeal shalt ring,
Thy grandeur time hath levell'd low.

VIII.

At the high monarch's festive board,
To friendship here the bowl was raised!
Attuned the harp's sweet plaintive chord,
While Erin's valour minstrels praised.

IX.

But ah, these tuneful tones have ceased,
Around the lonely landscape lies;
The castle spreads no regal feast,
In ruin'd pomp yon tow'rs arise.

X.

No, never o'er yon time-razed moat
Shall Erin's sea-green standard fly!

---

[7] The castle of Carlow had been the palace of the kings of Leinster.—*See Note.*

Resound the trumpet's brazen throat,
Nor warder's horn be rung on high!

XI.

No bastioned rampart now we trace,
Bulwark and battlement are gone!
Consuming time can thus efface
The glory valiant chiefs have won.

XII.

Thence, see yon harper at the close of day,
Where winds the Burnn's transparent wave along;
Pondering his much loved-country's deep decay,
Mute Erin's harp, unheard the patriot song.

THE

TRUMPET AND CHURCH-BELL.

THROUGH the throng'd streets, in proud array,
The gallant war-troop took their way,
On trampling steeds, with nodding plume,
And blades unsheath'd, the warriors come;
Loud in the van the TRUMPET'S breath
Wakes love of glory, scorn of death;
Peals its bold clamour high and clear,
And thrills each heart with joy and fear.

What sound so sullen, yet so loud,
Confounds at once the music proud?—
In the deep DEATH-BELL'S dismal sound
War's stirring notes are sunk and drown'd:

Yet still betwixt each heavy swing
The shrilly trump is heard to ring,
Arraigning thus, to Fancy's ear,
The sad intruder pealing near.

TRUMPET.

Silence thy din, thou slow-tongued slave,
Thou herald to the fameless grave,
That tell'st when sons of lazy peace
From their unhonour'd labours cease.
Boots it to know, or when or how
The base-soul'd peasant leaves his plough;
Boots it to know or how or when
Surfeits the pamper'd citizen;
Or how, degenerate from his sires,
In slothful ease the peer expires?
With such mean tidings dar'st thou mar
The voice of Victory and War;
The voice of Honour and of Fame,
Who bears my emblem and my name?

BELL.

Think not to awe my solemn knell,
Vain boaster, for I know thee well;

Not in the city's social bound
Should thy discordant summons sound;
There fittest heard where ravens come,
And croak thy burden with the drum;
Then fittest heard when ranks are broke,
And squadrons stagger in the shock;
There let thy braying clangor speak,
Mid oath, and groan, and dying shriek;
There emulate the cannon's knell,
Mock the gorged eagle's joyous yell,
And silence with thy clamorous breath
Thy victims in the throes of death:
But here thy vain bravado cease,
Mine is the house of God and Peace.

TRUMPET.

Yes, sluggard, yes! I boast 'tis mine
To cheer to arms the battled line;
With pride I own the glorious art,
'Gainst fate and fear to brace the heart;
The shrilling *Rouse*, the bold *Advance*,
Bids pulses throb and eyeballs glance;
The warrior hears my victor clang,
And recks not of his dying pang:

Then, dull monotony, forbear
With mine thy music to compare.
Thou call'st the clerk to hum his stave,
The sexton to the unfinish'd grave:
To deeds of fame I sound the way,—
I sound,—and mightiest chiefs obey.
Dust unto dust by thee is given,
My strains send heroes' souls to heaven.

BELL.

Shrill braggard, well thy brazen tongue
Thine own vain eulogy has sung,
As if thy steeds, at Cromwell's call,
Stabled again in holy hall,
And bells, down toppling from their spires,
Were destin'd to transmuting fires;
Yet, though I loath to boast my merit,
List to the duties I inherit:
Thy sympathies are blood and strife,
But mine each change of social life;
A guardian of the public weal,
For fires I sound my warning peal;
I call the wealthy to my door
To drop their bounty on the poor;

Proclaim, with deep and awful pause,
The vengeance due for broken laws;
Or, sadly, slowly, summon forth
Affection's tears for buried worth.
Nor mine the sounds of woe alone,
Each public triumph claims my tone;
Hard-task'd mechanics know my voice,
Signal of freedom, and rejoice;
And when the holy knot is tied,
I greet the bridegroom and the bride:
Mine are law, reason, peace, and faith;
Thine, desperate life and timeless death.

TRUMPET.

Such vulgar cares be all thine own,
Mine is the station next the throne;
When monarchs sorrow or rejoice,
In weal or woe they use my voice;
I speak their mourning or their mirth;
Proclaim their funeral or their birth;
'Tis my loud clarion tells afar
Their high resolves for peace or war:
Then, dotard monk, thy scurril taunt
Be drown'd amid this bold *levant*.

[*Trumpet flourishes.*

So speaks the organ of a crown,
Herald of glory and renown——

BELL.

Herald of earthly pomp and pride,
Let this our precedence decide;
The servant of no human lord,
I speak a mightier monarch's word,
And sound within my cloister'd portal
Of mortal death, of life immortal;
Of woes that mock at every cure,
Of weal that ever shall endure;
Of wars against the powers of hell,
Of God's own peace ineffable;
Of man renew'd by heavenly birth,
Glad tidings, joy, good-will on earth.—

Then sunk the Trumpet's boastful clang,
And undisturb'd the Death-Bell rang.

The above poem appeared in the Edinburgh Annual Register for 1810.

A RURAL SCENE, IRELAND.

GLIDE on, bright stream! for here I'll stray,
Regardless of declining day;
While foams thy devious silv'ry flow,
And echoing falls resound below.
There view the richly-wooded lawn,
The gloomy glen, and ruin'd bawn,[8]
As frowns yon abbey o'er the scene,
With lichen gray and ivy green.
While guarding safe the beechen bow'r,
High rears his crest, a giant-tow'r;

---

[8] A *Bawn* was a species of building in Ireland, serving principally in troublous times for the security of cattle. It was usually situated in a wild and barren country, and served to defend the pass from the mountains, as well as to secure the cattle of the district. The walls thereof, which were embattled, were rudely built of granite, or mountain stone; they inclosed a large square area on one side, the bawn was defended by a portcullis, and on the other side it was flanked with towers.

His stately column meets the skies,
And time and tempest both defies.—
Where the horizon bounds the sight,
View the stupendous mountain-height,
'Mid rolling clouds of amber bright!
I love to rove 'mid scenes like these,
And mark the wild and mournful breeze,
Sigh o'er the brook and kiss the trees;
Then pleased pursue the river's course
Until I trace its distant source.
Hail! pine-crown'd cliffs, and rifted rocks,
That firm resist the thunder shocks;
Hail, lovely isle of hill and vale,
Mine own romantic Innisfail![9]
How pleasing to the tranquil eye
Yon cottage smoke that mounts the sky!

---

[9] *Innisfail* is one of the ancient names of Ireland; it means the isle of Fate or Destiny, so called from an ancient stone chair, on which was sculptured, in Gaelic,

Or fate is false, or, where this stone shall be,
The Scots shall reign a pow'rful monarchy.

This stone was afterwards removed to Scotland, and thence to England. It is now under the coronation chair in Westminster-Abbey.

Ah, speaks it not content and joy,
Secluded from the day's employ?
It was a royal breast betrayed,[1]
The wish to be a village-maid!
Health and peace, and rural leisure,
Are the happy peasant's treasure.
Such soft sequester'd scenes I own
Superior to a monarch's throne!
I'd rather grasp a shepherd's crook,
And muse o'er yonder bubbling brook,
Than proud imperial sceptre bear.[2]
A bauble! Still a rod of care!
Who would not, rank and fame forgot,
Prefer the tranquil shepherd's lot?
As glows yon mountain's purpled height,
How rich the prospect with delight;
What glories burst upon my sight!

---

[1] It was Queen Elizabeth, who had been heard to express a wish to be a milk-maid throughout the entire month of May.

[2] "I had rather be master of my time than wear a diadem."—*Berkeley, Bishop of Clogne. Berkeley's Literary Reliques.*

While home returning, hopes renew
Again to meet the fairy view!
Transported hail the lonely scene,
Gaze on dark mounts and vallies green!

ON

STANDING BEFORE THE MONUMENT OF THE GREAT AND EXALTED PHILANTHROPIST, JOHN HOWARD, IN ST PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

IMMORTAL Howard! at thy honour'd shrine,
How burns my soul with ecstacy divine!
How throbs my heart when that pale form I view,
Last sad memorial to thine image true!
What godlike zeal to succour the distrest,
And pour compassion on the wounded breast.
Fearless of death, the dungeon to explore,
And pity woes, unpitied there before.
Through many a realm, through many a scorching clime,
(Proclaim it, Mercy, to remotest time!)
'Twas thine, unawed by proud Oppression's force,
O! godlike man, to hold thy matchless course.

What bliss to ope the dungeon, and set free
Th' imprison'd wretch, restored to home by thee!
To cheer the solitary cell's damp gloom,
And mitigate the culprit's awful doom!

The balmy breeze of health-inspiring day
Some captive breathes, far fly his griefs away.
Of home he dreams, of country, kindred dear;
The vision fades—his fate calls forth a tear.
Howard! to heav'n affliction's pray'rs ascend
For thee, who lived the poor's distinguish'd friend.

What victor, raised in glory's dazzling car,
Elate with conquest, and the spoils of war,
E'er felt the joy that warm'd a Howard's mind,
At risque of life the healer of mankind?

Be hush'd the drum, no more proud banners wave,
'Twas Howard's boast, the life of man to save!
Though states may perish, hero's records fade,
His hallow'd tomb shall peaceful olives shade!

WHY DROOPS MY LOVE, MARIA FAIR?

I.

Why droops my love, Maria fair?
Why trickle down the pearly tears?
Come to my bosom, rest from care,
We yet shall welcome happier years!

II.

Thus o'er the brook the willow mourns,
When loud is heard the tempest roar;
To its fond natal land it turns,
Still trembling to the well-known shore.

III.

Yes, we shall welcome happier years,
I swear, Maria, by that kiss!
Serene the sun of joy appears
To brighten all our future bliss.

IV.

And oh, when summon'd from on high,
Be thine my last, sad, fond farewell!
On thee shall gaze the closing eye,
On thee my parting breath shall dwell!

WRITTEN

ON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT-LEINSTER.

This Mountain gives a Name to the eastern Province of Ireland.

MAJESTIC, from this awful height,
What boundless prospects meet the sight!
Expansive tracts of country lie,
Outstretch'd beneath the wond'ring eye.
Thy chequer'd plains of gold are seen,
Thy heath-clad hills, thy vallies green.
Say, where soars Brandon[3]-mountain now?
And where frowns Blackstairs'[3] lofty brow?
Diminished to the vale below!
They seem but undulating hills,
The two great rivers, mountain rills.

---

[8] Both these mountains have been before noticed in page 37.

Fair Slaney's ling'ring devious course,
Hath lost his breadth, hath lost his source,
The mighty Barrow stems his force;
Like snakes expiring on the plain,
Their cold and lifeless curves remain.
Where are thy groves, green Newtown,[4] gone?
Where is thy forest, Borris,[5] flown?
All in their stead we may discern,
Seem furze, or heath, or drooping fern.
While o'er the wide expanded scene,
Thou rear'st thy head, great mountain-queen!
The sea-breeze chills thy craggy steep,
Thy hoary brow the tempests sweep,
Beneath rolls Erin's ocean[6] deep.—
Thy num'rous isles[7] bestud the main,
And prostrate own thy parent reign!
While valour's pride and beauty's boast,
Green Erin! Europe hails thy coast!

---

[4] Newton-Barry, the beautiful seat of Colonel Barry, in the county of Wexford.

[5] The residence of Walter Cavanagh, Esq., in the county of Carlow.

[6] The Irish channel.

[7] The Saltee Islands.

Thy azure lake delights the eye,
Reflecting calm the summer sky;
When Winter spreads his bleak domain,
And clouds dissolved o'erwhelm the plain;
Thund'ring thy thousand torrents flow,
From subterranean chasms below;
Impetuous bursts the foaming tide,
Down thy dark mountain's furrow'd side,
Seeking, with wild and hurried roar,
The sedgy Barrow's willow'd shore.—

O! fearful thought, if on that day,
When destined earth to pass away,
High Heav'n's last awful trump should blow,
To summon here the earth below!
Oh, sight most mighty, most profound,
Where trembling nations stood around!
What joy, what woe, would man betide!
Who could th' Almighty frown abide?
Such solemn thoughts will here arise,
While from this height we glance our eyes,
Where far th' unbounded prospect lies!

Vast Nature's cloud-capt bulwark hail,
Through ev'ry pass thou guard'st the vale!
Though thunders roar, though storms assail,
Flank'd with thy seven great bastion-tow'rs,[8]
Thy frowning brow resistance low'rs,
Defiance to thy vassal pow'rs!
Hail, hoary mount! first born of time,
And hail each precipice sublime!

Be Erin's sons unchanged as thee,
Unmoved by vice, from folly free,
As onward flies time's fleet career,
Their country's guard, to virtue dear;
Unforced, unconquer'd be they still,
Firm as thy adamantine hill!

While o'er their head life's tempests roll,
Oh haste they still to honour's goal;
And boast a hero's heart, a patriot's dauntless soul!

---

[8] *Flank'd with thy seven great bastion-tow'rs.*
Seven hills surround Mount-Leinster, like bastions to a rampart, or towers to a citadel.

COME, WILT THOU ROAM WITH ME THE LAWN?

A PASTORAL SONG.

COME, wilt thou roam with me the lawn,
What time the wild rose scents the gale?
Love! wilt thou rise at early dawn?
Come, lovely Ann of Abbey-feale!

Like diamond glistens bright the dew,
The Morning parts her crimson veil;
View nature ev'ry charm renew,
Then haste, my Ann of Abbey-feale!
Wilt thou roam, &c.

Oh come, and we'll the mountain climb,
And view yon sweet embosom'd vale;
'Tis now the pleasant noon-tide time,
My bonny lass of Abbey-feale!
Wilt thou roam, &c.

But now the darkning shades arise,
While Luna sheds her light so pale;
Oh turn on me thy lovely eyes,
My dearest Ann of Abbey-feale!

Wilt thou roam, &c.

This arm, thy safety and thy guide,
My lonely cot thou soon shalt hail:
Then say not nay; thou art my bride,
My life, my love, of Abbey-feale!

Wilt thou roam, &c.

Then, thou wilt roam with me the lawn,
What time the wild rose scents the gale;
And thou wilt rise at early dawn
With me, my Ann of Abbey-feale!

Wilt thou roam, &c.

ON

SEEING THE HISTORICAL PAINTING REPRESENTING THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE, WHICH WAS PAINTED BY THAT EXCELLENT AND VENERATED ARTIST, BENJAMIN WEST, ESQ., AT HIS HOUSE IN NEWMAN STREET, LONDON.

Dignum laude Virum, Musa vetat mori.
Horatii Carmen, L. IV. o. 9.

On Abra'm's height, while conquer'd foes retire,
Intrepid see the hero Wolfe expire!
O'erjoy'd when heard the loud exultant cry,
" Behold them vanquish'd; see! they fly, they fly!"
" Who fly?" the Gauls. " Thank Heaven!" the hero said,
And laid in Vict'ry's arms his laurell'd head.

While West, the Titian of Britannia's shore,
Decrees this conq'ring chief one triumph more—
For those unborn, the glowing canvass draws
A hero dying in his country's cause!

THE BOWER OF LAURA.

The sweet-briar and the blushing rose,
Dear Laura! shall this bow'r enclose,
With jasmine, and with myrtle crown'd,
While creeps the honied woodbine round.
In spring or summer's genial hour,
Shall blossom here each radiant flow'r;
The snow-drop chaste, the pansy blue,
Shall stud the bow'r I raise for you.
The jonquil sweet, carnation red,
Shall forth their fragrant odours shed;
The lowly violet of the vale,
With spicy breath, salute the gale;
The hawthorn and the eglantine,
Their various blossoms shall entwine;
The cowslip, from its golden horn,
Distil the balmy dew of morn.

On chill December's lap of snow,
The rich anemone[7] shall glow:
The saffron,[8] flower of simple form,
Spring unrestrain'd by winter storm:
While cheerful 'mid surrounding gloom,
Smiles the gay Laura-stina's bloom.

I love the mountain thyme's wild smell,
And love of nature's flow'rs to tell;
When the sweet blackbird's notes arise,
And when the lark ascends the skies,
How sweet the warbling of the grove,
Where soft resounds the song of love![9]

---

[7] The anemone, or wind flower; its name is derived from the Greek ανεμος, signifying the wind, because this flower is supposed not to open its petals, unless when agitated by the wind. It blossoms in spring, and also in January and February; but the month prior to both, as being more poetic in its sound, has been chosen.

[8] The saffron-flower, or the crocus. The vernal kinds blossom in February, March, and April.

[9] "'Tis love creates their gaiety, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love."
THOMSON'S *Seasons.*

Here, Laura, shall each season's flow'r
Surround the confines of your bow'r;
When the bright sun's warm beams pervade,
The sweetest shrubs shall form a shade;
Well pleased we'll hear the zephyr sigh,
And mark the streamlet rolling by:
Screen'd from the sultry solar blaze,
On all thy charms I'll fondly gaze;
Wish long that happiness may last,
And fondly tell of pleasures past.
Oft as the lark awakes the morn,
Or drones the beetle's drowsy horn;
When fervid summer decks the plain,
Or winter's icy fetters chain,
Thy image, Laura, still carest,
Shall reign triumphant in my breast.

Thus Love himself, immortal pow'r,
On hov'ring wing shall guard thy bow'r!

STANZAS TO GENIUS.

I.

O, WHETHER on the barren mountain born,
Creative, all-aspiring Genius, hail!
Or whether heard o'er Avon's tide thy shell,
From some sequester'd fair enchanted vale;
Like the lark warbling, whose melodious swell,
Ascending, welcomes Nature's orient morn.

II.

Genius sublime, excursive, unconfined,
Was giv'n to soaring Milton's mighty mind;
The pow'r was his, on high-born eagle wing,
His heav'nly theme o'er Eden's lyre to sing.
Newton taught Nature's ways, then deem'd unknown,
And Locke, sagacious, fill'd proud Reason's throne.

III.

How many a son of science and of song,
All-powerful Genius loves to dwell among!
And chiefly thou, by Yarrow's classic stream;
Whether "The Lay," or "Ellen," be thy theme,
Thou sound'st the war-trump, or the past'ral reed,
The wreath of genius thine, O Bard of Tweed!
Live, matchless minstrel, in immortal lay,
And blaze the glory of the brightest day!

IV.

Oft time unseen, though Genius' gem may shine,
And Beauty sleep within the Parian[1] mine,
Yet both the wand of taste shall raise to view,
And proudly mete to each the tribute due.

---

[1] The classic reader need not be informed, that Păros, one of the Cyclade islands in the Ægean Sea, was proverbially remarkable for the beauty and extreme splendour and whiteness of its marble. It is noticed both by Pliny and Strabo. Virgil gives it the epithet of "Snow-white Paros," "*niveamque Paron, Sparsasque per æquora Cycladas.*"—Æ. iii. l. 126. And Ovid, "*marmoreumque Paron.*"—M. L. vii. 464. And Horace beautifully says, "*Splendentis Pario marmore purius.*" And Pindar, the great lyric poet, from whom Horace seems to have borrowed his simile, says, "Whiter even than Parian marble." Παρίᾳ λίθῳ, λευκοτέραν.

The Star of Genius shall resplendent blaze,
On sculptured grace the raptured eye shall gaze!

V.

Ah! yet doth Genius, in some luckless hour,
Pine, like the poor Acanthus valley flow'r,
Spreading its blossoms to the wintry blast!—
Its merits, too, shall meet regard at last:
The proud Corinthian pile this truth may own,
For low[2] Acanthus' wreaths his lofty forehead crown.

Exalted then, illustrious Genius, rise,
And claim alliance with thy kindred skies!

---

[2] The "*mollis Acanthus*" of Virgil is an ever-green shrub, which rises to no more than about four feet in height. In architecture, *the acanthus* forms the capital of the proud Corinthian column, and also that of the Composite order, which is a species of the Corinthian.

PASTORAL ELEGIAC.

FAREWELL, ye fond friends of my youth,
Dear boasts of affection, farewell!
For yours was ingenuous truth,
Long pensive on you I shall dwell.

No more in green meadows to stray,
The mountain's steep ridges to rove;
No! cheerful no more is the way,
And tuneful no more is the grove.

Departed companions beloved,
Successive ye rapidly fell;
From country and friendship removed,
These tears how I miss you must tell!

Thus, in dismal succession I've seen,
Down mountainous torrents fast borne,

Forest leaves, that once flourish'd so green,
Like them you shall never return!

While onward time's current may flow,
My lost friends long remember'd shall be;
Ah! while in existence below,
Still revered and regretted by me!

BRITANNIA! TO WAR SINCE THY TRIDENT IS HURL'D.

BRITANNIA! to war since thy trident is hurl'd,
Victorious thou'lt guard ev'ry shore of the world!
United thy empire extend o'er the waves,
While Freedom and Commerce expand the proud sail!
Fate decreed hardy Britons should never be slaves—
They're free like old Ocean, and fresh like the gale.
Haste! unfurl the proud ensign, the pendant rear high,
Bold Britons for freedom dare combat and die;
So long their stout keels booming billows divide,
The sceptre of ocean with them shall reside!

To raise the depressed, proud oppressors to scourge,
Loud cannons rebellowing awe the vast surge:
To fell despots, this mandate a terror shall be,
Proud tyrants still tremble, but Britons be free!

The bulwark of Albion, her freedom sustain,
And victory awaits you on land or the main!

How glorious thy navies, how gallant they ride,
Brave sons of Britannia, long govern the tide!
Thy barks, while triumphant o'er Ocean's wide way,
Shall to nations thy standard of glory display.

Fate proudly decreed those should never be slaves
To whom empire was given to rule o'er the waves:
Thus, Britain, to war since thy trident is hurl'd,
Victorious thou'lt guard ev'ry realm of the world.

CARROL OF COLERAINE,

A ROMANTIC TALE.

I.

The sun hath kiss'd the western hill,
Whose purple peaks proclaim the shore;
Where Bann, from craggy rock and rill,
Joins Ocean with his hollow roar.

II.

Why weeps that heav'nly maid so fair,
Why seems her frame o'erpower'd by woe,
Why yields she hopeless to despair,
That scenes of bliss should only know?

III.

Why oft at rosy blush of day,
With bosom to the cold clay prest,
Chiding her lover's long delay,
Why loves she on that grave to rest?

IV.

When mists the mountain's brow bedew,
And vernal show'rs o'erwhelm the vale;
Wrapt in her robe of purest hue,
Thus droops the snow-drop to the gale.

V.

Ah, mark the pallid beauteous maid,
Weeping o'er the tomb reclined!
See how she weaves that garland braid,
With living rose and myrtle twined!

VI.

Oh, hapless fair, that plaint restrain,
Indulge not sorrow's piteous tone!
'Return, my Carrol of Coleraine,
With thee poor Marg'ret's peace is flown!'

VII.

Poor Marg'ret! could my sighs avail,
While Grief her mournful vigil keeps,
I would rehearse the tragic tale,
That in yon grave thy Carrol sleeps!

VIII.

His parents poor—their proudest boast,
Was, rich in virtue, rich in mind;
Yet these they wisely valued most,
Blessings how rare with wealth combined!

IX.

Fair Marg'ret's sire, a sordid man!
Whose fields and flocks were all his pride;
Whose pastures edged the mighty Bann,
That rapid flows to ocean's tide.

X.

Ah! not on Carrol fortune smiled:
Hence sternly Marg'ret's sire replied,
"A beggar ne'er should win his child;"
And proudly Carrol's suit denied.

XI.

In secret grief the youth repined,
At avarice oft would vent his rage;
Indignant still, his fervent mind
Condemn'd the ruling vice of age.

XII.

His breast, love, pride, alternate swell'd,
On constant Marg'ret still he thought;
His ardent pride true love repell'd,
And silent shades in sorrow sought.

XIII.

Ambitious hope, fond Carrol fired,
Yet, yet to call the maid his own;
To Indian realms the youth retired,
Outstretch'd beneath the burning zone.

XIV.

Soon wealth repaid his anxious toil,
His long-sought wish is now complete;
Once more he seeks his native soil,
To lay his wealth at Marg'ret's feet.

XV.

The sun had kiss'd the western hill,
Whose purple peaks proclaim the shore,
Where Bann, from craggy rock and rill,
Joins ocean with his hollow roar.

XVI.

Now rapid o'er the tranquil deep
Echoes the galley's well-timed oar;
Loud cheer'd the crew from yonder steep,
And briskly Carrol springs on shore.

XVII.

At hand a lengthning shade was seen,
'Twas hers! his Marg'ret of the vale;
Ah! not unmark'd that prow had been,
While scudding on before the gale.

XVIII.

Her parents long had ceased to live,
Fair Marg'ret left their only heir:
Carrol she long'd her hand to give,
Her love and constancy declare.

XIX.

'Tell, gentle maid! ah, sure you can,
'Lives the fond boast of Derry's plain?
'The fairest nymph e'er view'd the Bann,
'My lovely Marg'ret of Coleraine?'

XX.

Surprised and lifeless sunk the fair,
Her speech and animation fled;—
But ah! not here will I declare,
The impious words which then were said.

XXI.

Let mortal ne'er high Heav'n arraign,
Though ills through life should copious flow:
To murmur, Virtue should disdain,
Unwept, when undeserved the blow!

XXII.

On rock, with wild sea-weed o'erspread,
Near whence a gurgling streamlet flows,
He placed the breathless fainting maid,
Distracted down the cliff he goes.

XXIII.

His falt'ring feet he cannot keep,
He falls!—No brave heart nigh to save—
Headlong down hurl'd beneath the steep
Poor Carrol perish'd in the wave!

XXIII.

Marg'ret restored, alas! but raves
Distracted since that fatal hour;
For him who'll ne'er return, she weaves
Sad wreaths to deck the nuptial bow'r.

XXIV.

Hence heard that piteous voice to mourn,
Causing each feeling heart to moan;
'Carrol, oh haste! my love, return,
'Else Marg'ret's mind is ever flown!'

XXV.

See! ever on yon grave she'll rest,
Like sculptured woe on marble tomb;
Oh! never sorrow leaves that breast,
Till death shall strike the mourner dumb!

TO THE MEMORY OF

STANDISH WELD,

LIEUTENANT IN THE FORTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT,

Who fell on the 27th of November, 1809, while storming the Fort of Luft in Persia, near the Gulf of Bassora.

He fell among the brave,
Where proud Bassora's billows roar:
A foreign land his grave,
And nameless tomb upon a barren[3] shore!

'Twas in the well-fought[4] field he died,
But not unwept the warrior fell;

---

[3] Although the country of Persia be proverbially luxuriant, yet, nevertheless, towards the gulph of Bassora it is comparatively sterile.

[4] It appears from the details of the Gazette, as well as private accounts, that a very severe loss was sustained on both sides.

On him, his mourning kindred dwell
Their friend, their darling, and their pride,

To memory for ever dear!
True, to ev'ry tender feeling true;
The child of valour, and of pity too,
Now breathless on his bier!

He, Britain's ensign bore,[5]
By victory's breath unfurl'd,
Around each quarter'd shore
Of the habitable world!

Fit emblem of thy transient doom,
Oh too early fled!
Each flow'r shall shed its rich perfume
On thy clay-cold bed.

---

[5] While holding the rank of ensign, this young man, in the short space of one year and six months, bore the British standard through the quarters of the globe. He was present at the siege and reduction of Buenos Ayres, on the east coast of South America. He was also engaged in the attack of Rassal Khyma in Persia, on the 12th and 13th days of the same month, in which he unhappily fell.

The nightingale shall thy requiem sing,
The rose of Shiraz, with fragrance spring,
Around thy silent tomb!

Him, all desponding, mourn
For aye;[6] they loved, admired, the youth
That never shall return,
Who was the soul of honour, worth, and truth.

But he fell among the brave,
And in Glory's lap is laid;
The debt of Valour paid
In the hero's youthful grave!

---

[6] Aye, always, for ever!—and in this sense constantly used by Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Thomson, and Dr Johnson.

STANZAS

WRITTEN DURING INDISPOSITION.

I.

Transient, though blooming, short the while,
Ev'n like a tranquil summer day;
Amid the beam of Nature's smile,
See, life reluctant glide away!

II.

Cut down by death's remorseless hand,
Ere yet man's perfect manly bloom,
Once Nature claims her sad demand,
And snow-white chaplets strew the tomb.

III.

Behold repining mortals mourn,
What deep affliction to the mind!

Of our dear friends bereft, forlorn,
Ah, 'tis the lot of human kind!

IV.

If in death we slept for ever,
Oh then how dreadful 'twere to die!
Not from earth our souls to sever,
But in the grave immured to lie!

V.

O, hail! blest, cheering, glorious thought,
The virtuous cannot sink to nought!
Their brows immortal wreaths shall twine,
Unfading joys, and love divine!

ON MY LAURA FOND SMILES USED TO DWELL.

A PASTORAL SONG.

On my Laura fond smiles used to dwell,
As together we traversed the grove;
Ye once blissful moments farewell,
I shall never forget thee, my love!

My false rival he bore her away,
When he won fickle Laura's frail heart;
May woe e'er betide the dark day
That pangs so severe could impart!

That faithless is all woman kind,
Around I will carve on each tree;
While the gum that distils from the rind
Shall weep, "Laura was faithless to me!"

A MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION.

"FAREWELL, my children!" Such her voice in death;
Who, while she blessed them, closed her latest breath.
Adieu, blest spirit! oh, a long farewell!
On thy loved memory ever shall we dwell;
Our inmost thoughts reflect on worth like thine,
While tears sincere bedew a parent's shrine!

SAGE CONCLUSIONS.

Fugerunt trepidi vera, ac manifesta Canentem
Stoicidæ.——*Juvenal Sat. II. l.* 64.

SEVERE the task, 'mid syllogistic rage,
To please the fancy of a sophist age!
Conclusions quite fallacious some indite,
Absurdly arguing, ' that black's not white!'
Hear sage conclusions, learned critics mark!
' Colour? there's none; we see not in the dark!'
' Who could deny solution thus so clear,
' Unless 'twere sooth some keen cat-sighted seer?'—
Blind as the mole, and reckless to descry,
These mine the earth, those boldly dare the sky;
Deductions false subvert bright Wisdom's rules,
And fools rejoice that others too are fools

Shock not by telling yonder beauteous dame,
On whose pure bosom glows the diamond-flame,
Inform her not, for 'twould perturb her soul,
' The glitt'ring diamond decomposed is coal !
' What fondly raised attraction's proud desire
' May blaze on hearth of some starved curate's fire.'
Be sure tell not ! ' Those pearly drops that fall,
' Aroused at Symphathy's and Beauty's call,
' Are mere secretions of organic pow'r,
' Shed from the glands, as yield the clouds a show'r !'
Humbled proud Nature, in her noblest part,
Becomes thus mere automaton of art !

From Virtue's shrine the tears of pity flow,
Benignest gift to mortals here below.
Weep, heavenly fair ! flow forth these balmy dews,
No chemic art can e'er their worth transfuse;
Though fire may change the diamond's fleeting ray,
Immortal virtue never shall decay !

Then hence, ye plodding metaphysic train,
What Nature form'd was never yet in vain ;
With Garn'rin go ! ascend the starry sphere,
But mortals leave Content and Virtue here !

ANACREONTIC.

Σκεδάσαι θέλω μερίμνας.
ANAKPEON.

EUTERPE, come, my song inspire,
Resound with notes of joy the lyre!
Breathe them soft in Lydian measure,
Attuned like Teias' bard to pleasure.
Strike, strike, the harp and tender lute,
No voice, no chord, to-day be mute.
Rapt'rous awake the joyous strain,
And fondly sweep the lyre again!
Come, beauteous nymphs,—attendant swains!
Welcome to verdant happy plains.
Lead forth the dance and raise the song,
Mirth trip the jocund crowd among!

Joy only shall my numbers tell,
Joy only on my lyre shall dwell,
Joy only can enchant the heart,
Joy only transport can impart;
Strike forth with rapture, strike the lyre,
Joy shall re-echo o'er the wire!

CAN A CRUEL TYRANT'S ARM.

A SONG.

CAN a cruel tyrant's arm
Awe the firm, the virtuous mind?
Can a tyrant's looks alarm
The soul that fetters ne'er could bind?

Conscious virtue still disdains
The mandates of a despot's breath;
Unawed by torments, racks, or chains,
Unawed in life, unchanged in death!

A PASTORAL SONG.

Nos patriæ fines, et dulcia linquimus arva;
Nos patriam fugimus.

From home in sad exile I stray,
Removed from my dear native land;
How tedious to him is the way,
Who roves on the foreigner's strand!

The friends of my youth and my heart,
For ever I am doom'd to deplore!
What joy could my home once impart,
How loved was my dear native shore!

Your sympathy yield unto me,
Where destined ye wretched to roam;
For unblest and unhappy is he,
Who wanders from country and home!

Foreign climates for ever explore,
Pronounces stern Fate from her urn,
To loved friends, and thy dear native shore,
Again thou shalt never return!

ON

THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES JAMES FOX, A NAME EVER DEAR TO VIRTUE, FREEDOM, AND TO BRITAIN.

Bewail the dead!
Thy patriot is no more;
Lamented Fox has fled,
Britannia's sons deplore!

His country's helm he steer'd,
The patriot bark aboard;
By Britain's foes was fear'd,
By Britain's friends adored.

Where Afric's kingdoms groan,
Oppress'd beneath the ray;
Millions his loss bemoan,
Whose freedom cheer'd his parting day.

Britannia's hope is dead,
Her noblest prop no more!
Pale Mercy droops her head,
And Freedom's sorrowing sons deplore.

ON SEEING HIS GRAVE.

He is buried in Westminster-Abbey, near the great gates, opposite the tomb of the Earl of Chatham. There is no inscription on the grave of one so illustrious, save the simple initials (C. J. F.) of that amiable and distinguished man.

WHAT! no memorial to record his name?
Be Britain's heart THY monument of fame!

WRITTEN

ON THE BANKS OF THE LAUNE, KILLARNEY, COUNT OF KERRY, IRELAND.

MID scenes like these I would repose,
Where Nature's wildest views disclose;
Rude Dunloh's rocks sublimely rise,
On high the tow'ring eagle flies.
This echo,[6] from yon cavern'd shrine,
Proclaims the forming hand divine!
Before that life was given to man,
Th' Almighty form'd creation's plan;
Where groves arise, where wilds extend,
To Heav'n the mortal knee shall bend!
Though sterile[7] prospects may appear,
These thoughts the scene shall still endear;

---

6 There is a most remarkably loud and distinct echo at the rocks, or defile of the gap of Dunloh, (which is the great pass to the mountains,) that will repeat five syllables as accurately and as audibly as the person who speaks.

7 Alluding to the wild rocky scenery at Dunloh.

Long to the eye delight shall give,
And with each artist's pencil live!

Fragrant each fertile lonely isle,
Where Nature beams her sweetest smile;
Each fair wild flow'r here lends its aid
To decorate the sylvan glade.
Lilies of gold, and silv'ry hue,
Bedeck the broad lake's margent blue;
And ev'ry plant you there may meet,
It is a wilderness so sweet!
The [8]rowan's clust'ring berries red,
Hang drooping o'er its flinty bed,
While braving the rude tempest's shock,
Th' arbutus clasps his parent rock,
Whose brow the lov'liest wreaths surround,
With glowing fruits and flow'rets crown'd;
The larch and fir from craggy peak,
Fling their dark umbrage o'er the lake,
Which gives, like lucid mirror true,
Each broad bold outline to the view;

---

[8] The mountain-ash, or quicken tree.

Gives back, in sullen pomp again,
Each mountain, cavern, cliff, and glen.

See, softly o'er the mountain steal,
The hazy morn's aërial veil;
As glows the sun's expanding ray,
The drizzling dews dissolve away,
Burst Nature's beauties on the day;
Mangerton's mount conspicuous lies,
The awful reeks upreach the skies,
Like dark-blue cloud in sky serene,
Whose lofty heights enclose the scene;
Tall [9] Tuel, with inflected form,
See! scowling scare the thunder-storm;
While forky light'nings gleam below,
Ereet he rears his rugged brow,
Frowning, while whirling waves o'erwhelm,
The monarch of his wat'ry realm!

Pleasant the mountaineer's wild song,
As move his burthen'd easts along!

---

[9] Gheraun-Tuel, which, in the Irish language, signifies *the reaping hook*, and hus designated from its curvilinear profile. It is far the loftiest mountain in the range called Magillicuddy reeks.

Pleasant to hear the pealing horn,
While on the peaceful waters borne!
But who may sing the choral swell,
When Echo leaves her mountain cell?
Each valley, cavern, isle, and rock,
The music of the bugle mock.
The viol's sweetly thrilling sound,
Rings the horizon trembling round;
Strains sweeter than th' Æolian lyre,
Or soft Harmonica inspire!
Slowly receding from the ear,
Again returning notes we hear.
Repeats a requiem sigh the gale,
It wafts o'er mountain, hill, and vale!
List! the gently murmuring stream,
Renews alike the solemn theme;
As if the last sad anthem said
A farewell dirge had blessed the dead!
O, sweeter than the orphean lyre,
Than even Handel's holy choir!
Surpass'd alone by high-toned hymn
Of seraph, or of cherubim.
If to a mortal ear were given,
To hear the melody of Heaven,

From earth to air the soul to raise,
And chaunt the great Creator's praise!

Observe yon boatmen's well-timed oar,
Plies stoutly for the shady shore;
While from the helm, the stranger views
Each charm that ev'ry look renews;
Who, gazing still as he retires,
Reluctant parts, but long admires.
This boat again the stream shall ply,—
The prospect ne'er may meet our eye:
Through life 'tis thus we pleasures see
Like objects in a mirror flee.—
Those scenes like pleasing dreams appear,
Or dying music on the ear;
Or sun-beam on the winter snow,
Or splendour of the heav'nly bow;
Or the moon slumb'ring on the wave,
Or Echo sighing in her cave.
Yet could we future scenes explore,
[1] Like Scotia's chief we'd "look no more."

---

[1] *Like Scotia's chief.*] Macbeth, act iv. scene ii. [The consultation of the weird sisters.]—

I've view'd the [2] reeks in grandeur crown'd,
While fleecy clouds their brow surround;
Through wooded glen on mountain tall,
Admired thy far-famed water-fall.[3]
I've seen the sun serenely set,
His rising glories early met.
Oh, view with rapture I could still
His fiery orb ascend yon hill,
While rosy tints of orient glow
Blush o'er the crimson'd lake below.
Present me here some lonely cell,
Apart in solitude to dwell:
A hermit I'll become meanwhile,
Seek refuge in yon verdant isle.[4]

Macbeth. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls: And thy air,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:
A third is like the former: Filthy hags!
Why do you shew me this? a fourth? start eyes!
What will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet? A seventh? I'll see no more!——

[2] See note on Magillicuddy's reeks.

[3] O'Sullivan's cascade, on Tomies mountain.

[4] *Yon verdant isle.*] The luxuriant island of Innisfallen.

It seems sure some mysterious pow'r
Must gild those scenes from Dunloh's tow'r;
Whence looking down the steep descent,
From this commanding battlement,
Delighted far the eye will rove,
Retrace each glade, or glen, or grove.
Mark now the gazing deer on high,
Then hear sweet warbling melody;
Whistles the thrilling blackbird's throat,
Resounds the throstle's varied note.
The lark with song assails the sky,
The cuckoo's woodland notes reply;
Repeat the rocks and tangled dells,
While on mine ear each tone melodious swells.

I could consume the live-long day
Coasting the shores of Glena Bay;
When Luna's silver orb arose
On Glena's wave I would repose;
While cuts our keel the rapid foam,
Think not the while of friends or home;
Now view in slow meandring maze,
Where Laune his mighty flood displays.

See, gently wafted by the gale,
The bark in which the anglers sail!
While woods, that countless years have seen,[5]
With giant arms o'ershade the green;
In the horizon's fading ray
Awe-struck the lofty reeks survey.

Lo! in yon wide extended range,
The lively prospects constant change;
Now lighted by the sun's bright gleam,
Now darken'd when withdrawn his beam.
Now I behold each cavern'd glen,
Then trace the dusky mounts again;
Now mark the gold-illumined peaks,
Then faintly view the mist-clad reeks.
Alas! too soon I must depart,
But long these scenes shall charm the heart;
While Memory retains her pow'r,
Shall fancy roam each lake and bow'r;
Still fondly linger to retrace
The beauties of this matchless place;

---

[5] *Woods that countless years have seen.*] The woods of Grenagh, the seat of Major Bland, situated on the banks of the river Laune.

When oft with toil, with care opprest,
I'll clasp thine image to my breast!

Here let the graphic pencil glow,
The muse's sweetest numbers flow!
Calm Meditation, from her shrine,
Proclaims the forming hand divine!

ANACREONTIC.

Ερατον πίθοις ὀρῶντες
Νέον ες ζέοντα Βάκχον.
ANAKPEON.

BACCHUS! to thee doth mirth belong,
Thou rosy god of wine and song.[6]
The sparkling goblet, wreathed with vine,
And Thyrsus' wand shall grace thy shrine!
How dim the oriental gem
To Bacchus' brilliant diadem![7]
Or what the lustre of the mine,
To thy bright rubies, sparkling wine!

[6] *Thou rosy god of wine and song.*] It appears, from Pausanias, that the Athenians considered Bacchus to preside over both wine and song.

[7] *To Bacchus' brilliant diadem.*] Bacchus is said to be the first who ever wore a diadem.

Hail, Bacchus! friend of lively youth,
Source of pleasure and of truth,
Sprightly ever, ever free,
Youthful god of jollity!
Let old Silenus quaff his bowl,
We'll taste the pleasures of the soul!
When Love, when sacred Friendship call,
Devoted at their fane we fall.
Ah, none would shrink, should beauty ask,
Much less decline the glorious task!
Who would refuse to aid a friend?
On him no blessing may attend.
Young Bacchus, haste! I love the eye
That sparkles truth, and hates a lie;
Love too the lip that friendly pours
Enchantment o'er the heavy hours.

Hail, cheerful god of song and wine,
Hail! all the social joys are thine.

MORNING.

O'ER yon empurpled mountain, now behold,
In redd'ning majesty, the sun ascend
His fiery car of day, and heav'n illume!
To renovation warm'd rejoicing Nature wakes.

At early morn how I delight to rove
Amid the dewy mountain-path, when scarce
A zephyr breathes, but balmy sweets around
Perfume the air, and charm the raptured sense.
To hear the cattle lowing in the shade,
The hum of early bee, round some wild-flow'r
Hovering; or sweet lark in aërial regions sing!
While list! his brother warblers of the grove,
Fearless of man, unite their matin hymn,
Sacred to love, to liberty, and Heav'n!

O bounteous Nature! at sight of thee aroused,
From crowded towns, and pomp and pride remote,
My soul expands, as silently I view
Sylvan scenes so fair, O holy Pow'r divine!

PROLOGUE

TO A TRAGEDY WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR, 1803.

ONCE more the drum discordant beats alarms,
Aroused again by war's dread clang of arms!
Peace Britain sought, though victor in the field,
Each triumph willing ev'ry boast to yield;
For peace could charm a state with freedom blest,
Freedom, long dear to ev'ry Briton's breast!

But wild Ambition raged on Gallia's plains,
Shaking base fetters and tyrannic chains,
Enslaved by traitors, anxious to oppress,
France madly dared to circumscribe our press.
Britons, arise! your sacred rights uphold,
Be thus your fame in Glory's annals told;
With blades unsheath'd, behold the gallant band,
Their war-cry, 'God, their king, and native land!'

Where Valour bled, where Glory won the prize,
On Afric's land Britannia's heroes rise.
'Proud foe,' they say, 'in vain you seek our state,
'No Gaul survives to weep th' invader's fate.'

Britons! forget not when Iberia's boast,
Far-famed, the Armada dared to reach our coast,
O'erwhelming billows foil'd the daring foe,
The Almighty arm hurl'd down the avenging blow;
Far, far immersed, beneath the roaring tide,
Her navies shatter'd, sunk Iberia's pride.

May Heav'n, whose might such mark'd protection bore,
For ever guard Britannia's happy shore!
O let one heart, one soul unite the land,
Beneath our country's banner let us stand.
Hence, hence far be all party spirit hurl'd,
Britons united dare defy the world;
While *hearts of oak* triumphant rule the waves,
The sons of Freedom never shall be slaves!
Could the bold task to-night we vent'rous try
Call forth soft tears from Beauty's feeling eye,

Inspire the ardent partriot spark to gleam,
And Britain glorious emulate the theme,
Forgotten then all labour of the page,
In the proud plaudits of Britannia's stage!

Now lend a hand! applause like your's has pow'r
To make to-night the author's happiest hour!

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED FRIEND.

Ὦ πασᾶν κεινα πολὲον ἀμέ-ρ,
ἐλθσ' ἐκθίσα δή μοι.
ΣΟΦΟΚΛΕΟΝ.

The last time, I think with a sigh
For ever, you bad us 'Farewell!'
With anguish I thought I should die
To lose one my soul loved so well.

Though reflection increases my pain,
Oft Memory the past must attend:
I may sigh, but shall never complain,
When all mournful I muse on my friend.

On my couch or abroad 'tis for thee,
At thy death, my loved friend I repine;
When I'm serious, when even in glee,
Still remembrance awaits on thy shrine!

But depart, selfish fondness, away!
Their loved friend who to earth would restore?
Thou wilt shine in the mansions of day,
Though thy loss we must ever deplore!

WRITTEN AT

DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN.

O LUCKLESS Mona! sense and goodness flown,
Each native minds all business save his own.
Detracting lies, invidious Slander's sneer,
Rest, vulture-like, on Douglas'[8] boasted pier.
Your life is safe, but oh! I speak with shame,
Manksmen blush not to pilfer you of fame;
Although this dogma may the sage affright,
'No Manksman's wrong, he's ever in the right!'
Like nine-lived cats, thrown from the attic tall,
Safe on his legs the miscreant's sure to fall.[9]

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[8] The town of Douglas is chiefly remarkable for such commodities as liars, loungers, lime-kilns, rats, refugees, herrings, and hemp.

[9] The motto of the three-legged Manks coin of half-pence and pence is "*Quocunque jeceris stabit.*"
"Which way soever you fling it, it shall come on its legs."

To crush fell Slander they enact no laws?
They do,—but only in a Manksman's cause!
Their homespun law and hemp hang foreign knaves,
While native rogues a pitying jury saves!

Suspicion, fraud, and litigation's art,
Unman this isle and brutalize the heart:
No gen'rous soul Compassion's arm extends,
Relents to woe, or stranger's want befriends.
These boasts here vainly you may hope to scan,
Self-love alone pervades the Isle of Man.
Unwarm'd by science, chill'd by ev'ry breeze,
Men's meagre minds here stunted as their trees!

Haste, stranger, hence! where duty calls the while,
No longer tarry in this puny isle!

Ye winds, blow swiftly from bleak Mona's shore,
Never, propitious Fate, to see it more!

TO HEALTH.

HEALTH! in youth's serenest hour,
When thy radiance warms the breast,
Thou'st alone the healing pow'r
To lull the wearied soul to rest.

Faintly droops the sicken'd heart,
When rosy-footed Health has flown;
We pining wish from life to part,
For all its blissful charms are gone.

The flow'ret, pride of early spring,
Thus falls beneath the chilling blast;
Its fragrance mounts on heavenly wing,
Where pure etherial sweets shall last.

MOCK-HEROIC INVOCATION

TO MERCURY THE GOD OF GAIN.

Dread idol, hail! whom sordid souls revere,
Wing-footed god of gain, whom worlds adore.
Humiliate crowds, attracted to thy fane,
Bend lowly to the potent pow'r of gold,
From scepter'd monarch to the shepherd swain.
See in proud gorgeous panoply arrayed,
The legal tribe resort thy courted shrine.—
With reverence profound, attornies too attend,
Plain in costume, not less sincere in zeal,
They pious pay whate'er thy rites require.
With hungry jaws emaciate calls on thee
The starving suitor from the debtor's cell,
Pawn'd his last shirt through law's divine delay!
Unawed, the soldier climbs o'er heaps of slain,
Bearing his manly breast and arm opposed
'Gainst each conflicting woe of wasteful war,

With brighten'd hope of long-desired meed.
Disease, too sure, some clime far worse than death,
Await the gallant son of Mars; destined though
He be to bend to still a mightier pow'r,
Hermes, e'en to thee! save perchance he boast
A purse or patron, promotion will not come!
A wretched pittance scarce through life can give
The trappings of a soldier. Siege after siege
He fights, and in the well-contended field,
His country's ensign wrapped around his corse,
Falls the stern warrior mid the bravely slain;
His meed? the glory of Britannia's arms!
Aroused by thirst of wealth, the son of trade
At risque of storms, base bankruptcy, and war,
To seas and climes unknown he ploughs his desp'rate keel;
Insured his freight, glad incense pours to thee!
The thrifty farmer prays the vernal show'r,
Now sunshine seeks, with anxious hopes of pelf,
And blithely sings amid his crowded barns.
Behold! o'er sums untold of hoarded coin,
Yon shiv'ring wretch applauds the love of gold,
By lamp faint gleaming, in cold cellar pent,
Useless to mankind, cruel to himself!

Yet not as useless is the lesson taught,
' Wealth only is a blessing to the good !'
With sanctimonious eye-balls glanced to heav'n,
Her outspread fan the prude would seem to hide ;
Some ancient maid admits the charm of wealth,
Which man delights, and youth unites to age.
" With spectacles on nose," and down-cast brow,
The busy broker plodding o'er his desk,
Computing omnium, discount, bonus, scrip,
Mutters soft eulogy of solid gain,
Totting the compound profits of his stock.

Thy praise the sexton rings mid charnel vaults,
When sickly seasons and contagion dire
Have piled the cypress o'er the youthful bier
Of worth departed from terrestrial scenes.
Haply for such as that poetic youth, [2]

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[2] Henry Kirk White, of Nottingham, a most promising youth, who died at the early age of 21 years, having given strong and early indications of superior worth, industry, and premature talent, alas, but too transient !

See " Memoirs of Henry Kirk White," edited by Mr Southey.

Who sweetly warbled on the banks of Trent,
And early sung the great Jehovah's praise?
But, Henry, no! thy semblance never more
In all creation's round again shall rise,
For genius, virtue, wisdom, join'd to youth:
This meed accept! with an o'erflowing heart
The bard would weave his chaplet round thine urn.
Adieu!—Such themes as now the muse employ,
Would ill accord with my more serious song.
Youth, early lost, farewell!

Hermes! though last, thy potent vassal comes!
Th' unfeeling usurer amassing ore
Raised from distress and ruin of mankind.
Thrice hail! great god of gain, adored by man;
And ah, by beauteous woman, form'd for love,
For soft compassion form'd! Though, like Danaë, won
By molten gold pervading lofty tow'rs,
Pervious to nought but Jove's almighty will.
Like him, resistless in his lightning's blaze,
Great conqueror thou of battled hosts and states;
By thee are senates crushed and plots revealed,
Empires destroy'd, and worlds unknown explored.

Hail, Hermes,[3] hail! whose necromantic wand
Lulls Conscience, with her Argus-eyes, to sleep;
The restless tongue of Eloquence inspires,
Instructing serpent Fraud in arts and arms,
Thou sway'st omnipotent an abject world!

---

[3] Mercury was called Hermes by the Greeks, Ἀπὸ τῆς ἑρμηνεύειν, from his skill in interpreting or explaining; and therefore he was accounted the god of rhetoricians and orators.

THE WIDOWED MOTHER.

— — — — — — noctem dolore trahebat
Infelix.

A LONELY cottage in a wood
Beneath a lofty mountain stood;
Flow'd rapid by a murm'ring brook,
O'er which the trembling aspin shook.
A fallen birch the stream beside,
Athwart its banks a path supplied;
Rude and rustic one might deem,
Yet well in unison did seem;
And 'neath the mountain was display'd,
Through a cleft rock, a bright cascade;
While smiled below "the peasant's nest,"
With sweet-briar and with willows drest.

The fisher-boy oft thither came,
To angle in the mountain-stream;
While village children here would stray,
And loiter through the summer day;
The minnow catch, the flagger float,
Or rapid chase the mountain-goat:
The wand'ring minstrel on his way,
Here, blithely on his harp [4] would play
Some wild romaunt, or melting lay.

But pleasures may not always last,
And these gay scenes are long gone past!
Alas, how changed from that blest hour,
When Patrick held the cottage bow'r!
Yet still is loudly told his praise——
(His widow once knew happy days,)
Beloved throughout all Innisfail,
I sigh to sing so sad a tale!—
This home, to social feelings dear,
Had oft dispell'd Misfortune's tear.
The feeling dame each pilgrim blest,
'Twas her's to pity the distrest.

[4] "No harp hath the sound so melting and so prolonged as the Irish harp."—*Bacon.*

The friend and succour of the poor,
She ope'd the hospitable door.
Ah! none now tearless pass the spot,
Who pensive see the widow's cot.
Though pity may not bring relief,
As sacred still they hold their grief.
Now motionless, the door beside,
On grass-grown bench, behold abide
The solitary matron; where
She silent sits in sad despair,
At morning tide you'll find her there;
The evening sets as morn begun,
Lamenting still a darling son.

When Britain's trump loud rang to arms,
Brave Patrick left his humble farms;
Where Gallia's boasted legions fled,
Where gallant Abercrombie bled,
(A hero by the world admired)
Her husband on that day expired:
He bravely fell in battle slain,
On sandy Egypt's scorching plain.
Lost Abercrombie! glorious chief!
Britannia sinks in silent grief;

Proudly her annals long shall boast
Thy laurell'd name on Afric's coast;
While mem'ry bathes with tears the grave
Of the benign, illustrious brave.

The story here the muse would close,
In silence wrap the widow's woes;
The bard no more should hapless mourn
A matron childless and forlorn.
Ah! yet her woe is but begun,
The mourner had an only son;
Fond object of her hopes and fears,
Her solace in declining years.
He burn'd to hear proud deeds of arms,
Panted to meet the war's alarms;
Ardent to equal his loved sire,
In patriot worth and martial fire.
When Britain's fleet beyond the main
Routed the hosts of Gaul and Spain,
He, with the hero Nile hath named,
Discharged the duty Britain claim'd:
At Trafalgar's recorded tide,
In Vict'ry's arms he glorious died.
Proud day! that raised a lasting pile
To the brave guardians of our isle.

For Nelson slain, while sighs the gale,[5]
The muse would close her mournful tale.
Now the poor maniac roams afar,
When gleams the brilliant Vesper-star:[6]
Then the lorn trav'ller, passing by,
Hears the poor widow's piteous cry:—
'My Patrick and my child are gone!
'Unkind to leave me here alone.
'Will they return? Ah! boding fears—
'No end of war, alas, appears!'
Unheard all day a sigh or moan,
So sad and silent grief is grown!
Yet conscious though he glorious fell,
She only on his death will dwell.
Not England's boon can woe beguile,
'He fell with Nelson of the Nile!'
When the diurnal round is run,
When the nocturnal course begun,

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[5] "While sighs the gale." See note.

[6] The planet Venus, which is both the morning and evening star; when the former, it is called *Lucifer*, and when the latter, *Vesper*, or *Hesperus*. Thus Virgil: "*Et invito processit Vesper Olympo.*"—E. 6. l. 86.

Miss Baillie, in one of her plays on the passions, has beautifully availed herself of a simile borrowed from the two-fold name of this planet. It is in the tragedy of De Montford. "The morning star, mixed with infernal fire."

These woeful words are heard:—'My son!
'So brave a youth, devoid of guile,
'He fell with Nelson of the Nile;
'On Trafalgar's recorded tide,
'In Vict'ry's arms he glorious died!'

WELCOME ROSY MORN!

I.

AURORA's blushes orient skies
With vermeil tints adorn;
Aloft the lark exulting flies,
Blithe herald f the morn.

II.

With sweetest warbling greets the day,
On gladden'd pinions borne;
The vocal songsters catch the lay,
And welcome rosy morn!

III.

Hark, now adown from hill to vale
Resounds the hunter's horn;
Its note still vibrates on the gale,
To usher in the morn!

IV.

The milk-maid view, with brimming pail,
From gladsome task return;
While herds are lowing in yon dale,
Her voice salutes the morn.

V.

Observe the farmer at his plough,
Unheeded hound or horn;
Hear the blithe robin on the bough,
How fondly hail the morn!

VI.

Far wand'ring through the vocal grove,
Oh ever let me incense burn,
While through sequester'd scenes I rove,
To Him who raised the star of morn!

LINES

ON THE LATE

GEORGE WASHINGTON,

GENERAL IN CHIEF, AND PRESIDENT OE THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Quando unquam invenient parem ?—*Virgilius.*

UNEQUALL'D Washington ! and art thou fled ?
Columbia's ever-honour'd chieftain's dead !
Great minds alone illustrious deeds display,
These early mark'd the zenith of thy day !
What time thy States thee sov'reign prince might own,
Thou nobly didst decline a nation's throne !
Restored unchanged thy delegated power
Unhurt, unshaken, 'mid the stormy hour;
In rural peace retired from glorious toil,
Like the brave Roman, to thy native soil;

When rallied foes their subtle chief to arm,
Intrepid thou! did'st leave thy mountain-farm:[7]
The ploughshare drop, and seize the victor's sword,
Unaw'd by Gallia's legions, or her lord!
The bird of Jove thy forky fasces[8] bore,
An hurl'd defiance on the hostile shore.

Europe's admiring gaze the vet'ran viewed,
Unchanged by years, still firm and unsubdued;
While seem'd the hero's cheek with youth renew'd.
Columbia's warrior led the gallant van,
Abash'd the foes of freedom and of man;
Vindictive war's dire flag no more unfurl'd,
Freedom and peace he gave his native world!
Ah, cold the frame, which living, could impart
The patriot's fervour, and the hero's heart.
Columbia, weep! thy tears, O Freedom, shed,
Thine own adopted Washington is dead!

---

[7] Mount-Vernon, in Virginia, the country residence of General Washington, situated on the banks of the Patowmac river.

[8] See note.

Rear high the trophy to the chieftain's fame,
While virtue, valour, consecrate his name!

May Heav'n Columbia long from faction save,
And guard the freedom which her champion gave!

THE STAG-HUNT.

SCENE—*Killarney.*

FROM Glenä's proud summit the stag-hounds' deep cry
Resounds, and lake, rocks, hills, and vallies reply;
Responding while echo soft welcomes the morn,
How blythe 'tis to list to the shrill bugle-horn!
The lively French-horn reverberates the wood,
To its joyous loud tone quick trembles the flood!
Exulting the huntsman so jocundly calls,
The peal sweet rebellows from Dunloh's park-walls.

Hark, hark, to the chase,
The fleet win the race!

When responsive the horn is sounded among
The vallies so tranquil, enraptured the young!

The merry French-horn gives delight to old age;
Soon passion disarms, and e'en woes can assuage.
The merry French-horn, when rung through the glade,
The peasant delights, and his mild mountain-maid;
Loud thunders the cannon, how awful its din,
Announcing as signal the hunt may begin!
All haste to the chase of the lordly Kenmare,
Both stranger and rustic the spectacle share.
Through glades and o'er dales, through dells and o'er rills,
Hastes the stag, till, nigh taken, he bounds to his hills.

A moment halts on foes to gaze,
A moment graceful bends to graze,
And his faint drooping spirit raise;
Then with careering spring he bounds,
Elated hope to 'scape the hounds!

Ah! frustrate his speed, he may not reach the wood,
Down desp'rate he dives in the eddying flood.
Now hope seems to gladden the victim the while,
Seeking sheltering shade in his fav'rite isle.[9]

[9] "His fav'rite isle." Stag-island, in Glena Bay.

All hopeless thy flight! list the murmuring roar,
Mann'd the trim wherries, see they ply the fleet oar!
Huzzas frequent cheer them, they start from the bay,
To the stag's verdant isle the boat cuts its brisk way.
View, swifter than sea-bird e'er dived in the lake,
The pinnace has shot, the dogs spring from the brake;
They plunge in the stream; the stag stoutly swims o'er,
And rejoiced now he bounds on his fav'rite shore.
The strangers and huntsman in barges pursue,
How clam'rous the shouts and the sounds that ensue!
The muse must e'en now, nearly finish'd the lay,
Exchange the blithe note for the tone of dismay.
Exhausted, the hart seeks the arbutus shade,
Ah, soon the tall antlers his lair have betray'd!

The stag-hounds seize, he pants for breath,
Sinking indignant down in death;
No more erect, in noble pride,
With arching neck he'll graceful glide,
Beneath yon lofty mountain's side;
Tears trickle down his large black eyes,
He groans—the noble victim dies!

Solemn the French-horn sounds, and clear,
The requiem of the slaughter'd deer,

While gaze the silent crowd.
Rich berried braids[1] his neck surround,
Like sacrificial chaplet bound,
On the dank sward the victim's laid.
Poor stag! all cry aloud,
How ill thy harmless worth's repaid!
Ah! tranquil shades and solitude,
Extend slight refuge to the good.

Though still be many a manly mind,
That human force could never bind;
Yet still, beneath the arm of pow'r
Must Virtue bend, the weak must cow'r!

---

[1] Wreaths of the arbutus, or strawberry-tree. In general, every exertion is made, and, if it be possible, the life of the stag is spared. But if the animal is slain, the ceremony of entwining a chaplet of arbutus around the neck of the stag, and sounding a solemn blast of the French-horn over the fallen victim, is never dispensed with.

SONG,

ON SEEING A FAIRY RING.

WHERE magic rings our revels tell,
We fairy elves delight to dwell.
We ne'er are seen at mid-day noon,
But frolics play beneath the moon,
When in silvery veil array'd,
She peers above the woodland-shade;
What time night's queen, in darkness shroud,
Sleeps beneath the murky cloud,
Meteors emit their flashing light
To gild our gambols here by night.
'Tis now the pleasant month of June,
Brisk perform a fairy tune!
United in the mystic ring,
We'll cheerful dance, and blithesome sing.

While wanes the wand'ring moon's pale beam,
We glide along the mountain stream,
Or range, apart from guilty men,
The hills or darkly wooded glen.
Now, with our numerous elfin train,
We commend the village swain,
Who, before the day-star's rise,
Abroad to cheerful labour hies.
But long ere morn begins to dawn
We depart the russet lawn;
Yet mortals from this circle trace,
Where we held our nightly race.

While men entranced in sloth and sleep,
We here our harmless vigils keep;
Sometimes grave, and sometimes jolly,
We laugh[2] or grieve at human folly.

---

[2] "Ride etiam quantumque lubet Democrite ride
"Non nisi vana vides, non nisi stulta vides,
"Is fletu, hic risu, modo gaudet."
BURTON'S *Anatomy of Melancholy*, vol. I. p. 116.

PREFERENCE OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

WRITTEN IN WINTER.

O rus quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque licebit
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis,
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ.—HOR.

LONDON! thy noisy pomp I hate,
And all the follies of the great;
Insatiate thirst of rank and wealth
Impels the town, with loss of health.
Sorrowful oft it is to find
With loss of virtue, peace of mind!
Hence from the vicious town I'll fly,
Where tranquil landscapes court mine eye.

I long to breathe pure country air,
Far from riot, free from care;

Through the fields I pant to stray,
Mid some devious lonely way
At morn to hear the lark on high
Chaunt his rural minstrelsy;
To see the sun's resplendent light,
Relume the mountain's eastern height,
And list the feather'd songsters' glee,
Warbling their woodland melody.

But chill November dismal reigns,
And verdure flies the russet plains;
Then happy near the genial fire,
Let calm and social mirth inspire.
The world we shun, unheard a sigh,
When those affection loves are by.
We fly from folly, fly from noise,
To friendship's pure substantial joys.
I envy not high rank nor state,
Contented with my humble fate,
I neither court nor scorn the great.

In rural walks we'll pass each day,
While classic themes beguile the way
Our nights shall friendship's circle trace,
When sparkles joy in every face,

Awake the harp, send round the bowl,
Still reason shall illume the soul.
Content o'er Care her veil shall cast,
We'll prize the present, not the past;
Thus pleased as parts the satiate guest,
We'll sink on Slumber's balmy breast,
While Virtue o'er the tranquil bed
Shall renovative roses shed.

Our hopes on future bliss rely,
Prepared when summon'd to the sky,
Content to live, resign'd to die!

WALLACE OF RENFREW,

A HISTORICAL BALLAD.

" Regibus et legibus, Scotici constantes,
" Vos clypeis et gladiis pro patria pugnantes,
" Vestra est victoria, vestra est et gloria,
" In cantu et historia, perpes est memoria !"

To gallant WALLACE raise the song,
Th' avenger of his country's wrong !
To valiant Wallace of Renfrew !
Who, with many a baron bold,
His country's freedom dared uphold,
No braver knight proud Edward knew.

He whilome singly braved alarms,
He roused his country's soul to arms;
The patriot Wallace, val'rous chief,
To hapless Scotia brought relief;

His country's honour he sustain'd,
Her glorious freedom he maintain'd;
The dragon crest, and hero's helm,
Long watchful guarded Scotia's realm.

A vassal Scotia scorn'd to be,
And proudly Wallace turn'd to thee!
Stern Edward's fury he defied,
On him the nation's hopes relied;
His patriot sword we saw him wield,
And Scotia's foes desert the field.

Let Edward lead his troops to Scone,
Wallace supports our monarch's throne!
Let traitors from their country fly,
This manly hero free will die.
Oh for the land that gave him breath,
How glorious 'twere to fall in death!
No tyrant bands his soul appal,
He mid th' embattled host will fall.

Hear his determined lips repeat,
'We come, tell Edward, not to treat,
'But die; or victors on the plain,
'Our country's honour still maintain.'

Brave victim of a tyrant's pride,
A free-born warrior's right denied!
On London's scaffold Wallace fell,
His virtue long shall minstrels tell;
Lamenting o'er his blood-stain'd grave,
Bewail the fortunes of the brave.

Scotia! thy warrior-chief deplore,
The hero Wallace is no more!
While Clyde's[3] broad murm'ring waters flow,
For Wallace patriot-hearts shall glow;
Who, envying still his glorious fate,
Shall his proud virtues emulate.

To peerless Wallace raise the song,
Avenger of his country's wrong;
Whose deeds, inscribed by deathless fame,
Shall grateful Scotia long proclaim!

---

[3] Wallace had been imprisoned at the fortress of Dumbarton, situated on the Clyde river, having been betrayed by the execrable Monteith. The sword of Caledonia's illustrious champion is still shewn at the castle of Dumbarton.

WILLIAM AND SUSAN,

A ROMANTIC BALLAD.

——"*douce melancholie! Viens repandre sur mes derniers tableaux cette demi-teinte sombre qui plait à tous les cœurs sensibles.*"—FLORIAN.

I.

NIGHT'S gloomy shades have fled the plain,
Now, grandly from yon eastern main,
Majestic see the sun arise,
And with new splendour gild the skies!

II.

Creation smiles at blush of day,
The plumy race their joy display;
Alone a female seems opprest,
Conflicting passions rend her breast.

III.

Poor Susan, since her love left home,
The live-long night is wont to roam;
Of self forgetful, wand'ring far,
Till beams the day-spring's sparkling star.

IV.

Each night o'er mountain-heights she'll stray,
Nor leave the mist-clad haunts till day;
Then ever pensive pines alone,
Regretting him who's distant gone.

V.

Exclaiming thus, with falling tear,
Oh, were my William present here!
While distant waves thy course prolong,
Dear William, from green Erin's shore,
My anxious thoughts to thee belong,
Once more to meet, and part no more!

VI.

Blow, winds! be your peculiar care
That gallant prow in safety bear,
In which my true love's borne afar,
To meet the foe in hateful war!

VII.

Thus pond'ring on the shore she stands,
Where Liffey rolls his silv'ry sands;
Now lo! a vessel comes to view,
When brightest hopes her joys renew.

VIII.

Britannia's flag display'd on high,
The pendant flutt'ring in the sky;
Now one I see rejoicing stand,
A kerchief[4] waving in his hand.

IX.

'Tis he, 'tis he! the sign I hail,
At length a lover's prayers prevail;
Hence to the wind all care I fling,
Now welcome joy my love shall bring!

X.

See, drifted 'gainst the sandy shore,
The vessel sinks to rise no more!

---

[4] This is supported by the high authority of Milton, in his il Penseroso:

"But kercheft in a comely cloud!"

How pale and wan the trembling fair,
O'ercome by madness and despair!

XI.

In heart-rent woe she smote her breast,
And these afflicting words express'd:—
'Has William left his Susan? no!
'I'll follow to the gulph below!

XII.

'There fondly seek my love's embrace,
'I'll press his cold, his death-cold face.
'No waves should lovers' hearts divide!'—
O'er Susan rolls the foaming tide.

XIII.

As William hail'd her from the deck,
A wave swift roll'd him from the wreck;
Yet still o'erjoyed he swims to shore,
To meet his love, and part no more.—

XIV.

Oh what dread horrors seiz'd his brain,
His Susan floating on the main

A pallid corse; he grasps the fair,
He braves the billows in despair.

XV.

Now with his prize he gains the shore,
Where crowds the piteous sight deplore;
Each saving art is promptly tried,
Breath is inspired and heat applied.

XVI.

Love and Compassion lend their aid
To animate the charming maid:
Long ineffectual ev'ry art,
When lo! now palpitates the heart.

XVII.

She breathes! O godlike heavenly band,
Who snatch from death with helping hand,
From the destructive deadly wave
Restore the beauteous and the brave!
These votive lines belong to you,
Accept them from your country too

XVIII.

On William roll her lovely eyes,
She views with transport and surprise,
'Does Heav'n my love again restore?
'My William, are we safe on shore?
'Ah, never from me will you stray,
'Beyond this fearful wat'ry way?'

XIX.

Say, who now hurries through the crowd?
And who is he in joy so loud?
With sun-tinged brow, and sailor dress,
The anxious stranger well I guess!
Now clasped in Susan's fond embrace,
I know, I know her brother's face!
Once more the happy Susan lives,
A glad embrace to both she gives.

XX.

'Welcome, my kind, my early friend,
'May ev'ry bliss on thee attend!—
'No more, my William, thou shalt roam,
'For battle leave thy native home?'—
'No, Susan; no! I'll never stray,
'Nor plough again the wat'ry way.

XXI.

'Our foes subdued, we ne'er will part,
'Then take thy William to thy heart!
'In thy dear breast I'll find a home,
'And never, never more will roam.'

XXII.

Beneath yon lofty mountain blue,
An humble cottage greets the view,
Where mounts its smoke from tangled dell,
There Susan and her William dwell.

XXIII.

And aye unlocked the ready door
To pity and assist the poor;
The stranger chear, and point the way,
Rememb'ring this eventful day.

XXIV.

Thrice-happy pair, live ever blest,
No more by fears, by woes opprest!
Let tranquil Peace sojourn meanwhile,
Her olive grace the "sainted isle;"
Let Plenty, with her golden horn,
Our verdant hills and vales adorn.

Haply the bard his harp hath strung,
His country not ungraced he sung,
While warbling plaintive notes the minstrel chords among!

May thy sons, O loved Erin, both gen'rous and brave,
Extend the strong arm from oppression to save!
Be thy daughters for worth as for beauty renown'd,
Let happiness ever their dwellings surround,
And their brows with the myrtle and shamrock be crown'd!
May thy spear, in firm union with Britain's strong shield,
Prove ever victorious on ocean's wide field;
While virtue and valour, fond wish of my song,
Thy glory, my country, shall ever prolong!

NOTES.

NOTES.

Note I.

On landing at Penrose Ivylun, &c. near Holyhead, Isle of Anglesea.—P. 3.

I AM sufficiently aware that, in strict topography, Holyhead is considered an island, which, however, is connected at Four-mile Bridge with Anglesea-isle. At ebb of tide there is, independent of the bridge, a communication with Anglesea, and Holyhead must indisputably be considered as included in the map within the county of Anglesea, the Ancient *Mona*, and it is so designated in all the iters I have seen. Although Penrose Ivylun may not possess the awful elevation of Penman-Mawr, much less exalt itself with the towering grandeur of Snowden, nor possess the rich and varied scenery of Conway, much less the romantic beauties of Capel-Kerrig, it is, notwithstanding, one of the wildest and most impressive scenes that I have witnessed, and a seclusion so savage and retired, as would have well assorted with the genius of a Salvator Rosa. It was evening when we landed at Penrose Ivylun; the great luminary of the creation was retiring beneath the western wave, whose peaceful bosom still glowed with the fiery tints of his departing

rays. The scene was tranquillity itself, uninterrupted except by the screaming of sea-fowl retiring to rest, or the echo of the hollow-sounding oar reverberating from the projecting rocks which we now approached; or by the gabble of Welch peasants and their children, who anxiously awaited our arrival on the beach, to convey our luggage, &c. to Holyhead. Our landing was undoubtedly a very grotesque scene, and would have afforded a fertile subject for the pencil of a Hogarth, a Rowlandson, or a Wilkie. The females were carried to shore (the consequence of the tide having ebbed was, that the boat could not reach near enough to shore for passengers to land) on the backs of strong-boned Welch women. The males of the cargo ascended from the boat into a cart, which also conveyed the luggage to shore. Meanwhile, we were entertained by beholding a tall elderly man, most ludicrous in appearance and dress; he was one of the king's messengers, who, like the hero of Sweden, had reposed in his boots, and, moreover, in his spurs! and who, ogling the grey-hound badge appendant from his neck, at one bound darted up on the back of a bony Welchman, while was extended, *in terrorem*, a monstrous horse-whip from his dexter arm. No! not victorious Alexander, when he had passed the Granic flood, could seem more elated than did this enterprizing chief, mounted astride upon the shoulders of an athletic peasant, who thus, in triumph, rode to the shores of Anglesea! It would be difficult to depict the scene to which this bold and truly romantic assemblage of rocks should be compared. They somewhat, at a distance, apparently resemble basaltic columns, divested, however, of their regularity, and entirely fretted and indented by the continual conflict with contending billows. Perhaps the supposition of trunks of gigantic oaks rent by time, and shattered by overpowering storms, and then changed by some powerful operation of nature to

one continued petrified mass, rooted in the rocks from whence their broken trunks arise, with dark and frequent caverns at their base; this conception might convey some feeble image to the painter's eye of this wild and savage scene.

Throughout all the north-east coast of Anglesea, there is but one very small creek or inlet, that of Amlock excepted, which, by possibility, can afford refuge to vessels, and this is Penrose Ivylun, and so very circumscribed in space, that, to all appearance, it is but sufficiently wide to admit a single vessel a refuge from the storm. This creek is terrific to view, being defended on each side by formidable barriers of massive rock. During the prevalence of a storm from the south, or south-west, destruction to vessels cruising near the coast is nearly inevitable. In the winter of 1804, a merchant-vessel bound from Ireland for the West Indies, (the pilot being totally unacquainted with the Welch coast) and not having the precaution to keep sufficient sea-room, encountered a dreadful storm, and struck upon a rock in this harbour, undiscoverable at high-water, when, in the same instant, her rudder was borne away, and, astonishing to relate, conducted, as if by the miraculous and protecting hand of Providence, they were instantaneously wafted by the tide into this very narrow creek, and happily both crew and cargo were saved.

While I mention this fortunate and singular occurrence, I am sorry to state that many and frequent are the ship-wrecks on this coast, fatal to the vessels and cargo, as also to the crew. Would not the interference of the legislature, by causing beacons to be erected on this coast, prevent a re-currence of these calamities so injurious to the trade, and destructive of the lives of British subjects?

Note II.

Written at the Lake of Killarney.

But when the dread tempest tremendously roars,
How frightful thy waters and billowy shores.

P. 24. l. 23, 24.

"In this, as in most mountainous regions, storms are frequent, and when the lake is exposed to their fury, its waves become so boisterous, that skill and strength are requisite to resist their impetuosity. The danger arising from the waves upon a basin of water not more than six miles in extent, may be regarded perhaps with contempt; but the lower lake sometimes presents the most frightful images of elemental warfare."—*Illustrations of the Scenery of Killarney, &c.* By Isaac Weld, Esq. Page 69.

In corroboration of these facts stated by my friend Mr Isaac Weld, I happened to meet with an officer of the royal navy at Killarney, who had been there some time residing, and he assured me that, in the winter season, it was really terrific to behold the lakes agitated by storm; and that he had frequently seen the waters of the lower lake precipitated in dreadful grandeur over the summit of a lofty rock, or island, called, from traditionary records, O'Donaghoe's Prison, which rises upwards of twenty perpendicular feet above the surface of the lake.

Note III.

Poem on Killarney.

While Echo repeats from her cave in thy hills.—P. 24. l. 1.

It is not, perhaps, within compass of language to convey to the imagination the rapturous impression the mind receives from the echoes at Killarney. I counted beyond eleven seconds, while the enchanting sounds of the French-

horn, on ether borne, loud as the " pealing organ's" swell, seemed from the elevated promontory of the Eagle's Nest to respond

" To the full-voiced choir below,
" In service high, and anthems clear,
" As may with sweetness through mine ear,
" Dissolve me into extasies."——

From Mr Isaac Weld's excellent description, and his drawings, which so faithfully represent the scenes they so beautifully pourtray, we instantly recognized every view as it presented itself. But the more we gazed, the more we were enchanted with delight; and here let me appeal to those who have visited Killarney, if this be hyperbole?

Note IV.

Thou royal seat of Erin's king.—P. 45. l. 1.

This ruined fortress is supposed to have been built about the reign of King John; but by some it is asserted that this castle was raised by Isabel, the daughter of Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke. It is, however, certain, that it remained for a number of years in the possession of M'Murrough, King of Leinster, and his descendants, (who assumed the name of Kavanaoh,) until about the period of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The plan, or construction of the castle, appears to have been of an oblong square area, with large round towers, which flank the four angles of the square. The walls of the castle, and of the angular towers, are of massive strength and dimensions, and remain in good preservation. It is said the castle has been purchased by government, and that they are going to repair it. Carlow, which gives name to the capital town, and also designates the

county, was anciently called *Catherlogh*, that is, the city or fort on the river.

Note V.

Shall Erin's sea-green standard fly.—P. 45. l. 14.

This is partly in allusion to her national colour, and partly to the general epithet bestowed upon Ireland, of "the green-island." Gibbon the historian, speaking of Ireland, says, "a spacious island, which obtained, from its luxuriant vegetation, the epithet of *green*; and has preserved, with a slight alteration, the name of Erin, or Ierne, or Irland."—GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* Dublin edition, A.D. 1787, vol. IV. p. 264.

In the beautiful poem of "Scenes of Infancy," by the late ingenious, learned, and lamented Dr Leyden, (who fell a victim to intense study at Batavia, and of whom most honourable mention is made by Dr Buchanan, in his Christian Researches in India,) we find the following charming passage, which gives a similar epithet to our favourite isle:—

"Erin, whose waves a favoured region screen!
"Green are her vallies, and her mountains green;
"No mildews hoar the soft sea-breezes bring,
"Nor breath envenomed blasts the flowers of spring;
"But rising gently, o'er the wave she smiles,
"And travellers hail the emerald queen of isles."

Scenes of Infancy, part IV. p. 135.

Note VI.

Pondering his much-loved country's deep decay,
Mute Erin's harp, unheard the patriot-song.—P. 46. l. 10, 11.

Among the Irish bards there were three modes or species of musical composition, which may be thus distinguished:

I. The Martial and Sprightly.
II. The Pathetic and Dolorous.
III. The tranquillizing.

See Mr COOPER WALKER's *Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards*, page 67, *et seq.*

"After the invasion of the English, the Irish were very much confined to the second species of music, though, (adds Mr Walker) the English, during the middle ages, (the period to which we have now brought down our enquiries) kept the natives in a state of absolute anarchy, refused them the privileges of subjects, and only left them the lands they could not subdue; yet did our music and poetry still flourish. So deeply rooted in the minds of the Irish was the passion for the arts, that even the iron hand of tyranny could not eradicate it; the despondency, indeed, occasioned by the loss of their liberty, damped in some degree their ardour."—WALKER's *Irish Bards*, page 106.

Mr Walker resumes the subject (page 125.) "Thus we see that music maintained its ground in this country even after the invasion of the English; but its style suffered a change, for the sprightly Phrygian (to which, says Selden, the Irish were wholly inclined) gave place to the grave Doric, or soft Lydian measure. Such was the nice sensibility of the bards, such was their tender affection for their country, that the subjection to which the country was reduced affected them with the heaviest sadness; sinking beneath the weight of sympathetic sorrow, they became a prey to melancholy: hence the plaintiveness of their music."

Mr Cooper Walker mentions an Irish harper who had this distich engraven on his harp:

"Cur Lyra funestas edit percussa sonores?
"Sicut amissum sors diadema gemit."

WALKER's *Irish Bards*, page 127.

It may here be observed, that many of our national airs are of a mournful or plaintive measure, as Gradh Ma Chree, (or "Love of my Heart;") Dhreinan Don, (or "Brown Thorn;") "Sa Murneen Deelish," (or "My Faithful Dear;") and "*Eibhlin A-Ruin*," (or "Ellen, my Secret Love,") and many other touching melodies, as harmonized by Sir John Stevenson, Mus. D., and graced by the poetic genius of my distinguished countryman, Mr Thomas Moore. There is an anecdote connected with the last national air, so striking, that the reader will not be displeased if informed of it, and also of the origin of a song whose touching sweetness was so transcendant in its effects.

A distinguished Italian singer, Signior Tenducci, who had assisted at the Italian operas in Dublin, was so enchanted with the music, and also with the words of "Ellen, my Secret Love," or Eibhlin A-Ruin, that he resolved upon immediately learning the Irish language, which he indefatigably cultivated until he became a complete master of the language. So powerful were the Orphean strains of Irish music!

Origin of Eibhlin A-Ruin.

"Ellen, my Secret Love."

"CAROLL MOORE O'DALY was brother to the celebrated Donogh, a turbulent chieftain in Connaght, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his day, and particularly excelled in poetry and music. He paid his addresses to *Ellen*, daughter of M. Kavanagh, a lovely and amiable lady, who returned his affections more favourably than her friends wished, who disapproved of the connexion. It happened that an affair of consequence drew O'Daly to another part of Ireland, and the friends of Ellen seized the opportunity of his absence to promote the suit of a rival. By a variety of reports, artfully conveyed to her, she was induced to suspect

the attachment of her lover, and was finally persuaded he had left the country to be married to another. The afflicted Ellen, indifferent now to every object, was prevailed on by her friends to acquiesce in their choice. His rival was favourably received, and a day was fixed for their nuptials, which were to be as splendid as the hospitable manners of the times, and the social propensities of the Irish called for on such an occasion. The report of these preparations soon reached the ears of the unfortunate O'Daly; he hastened his return, and arrived in Connaght on the evening before the appointed day. Under the impression of his feelings, he sought with his harp a wild and sequestered spot on the sea-shore, and, inspired by the enthusiasm of the occasion, he composed the song of "*Eibhlin A-Ruin*," which remains to this time an exquisite memorial of his skill and sensibility. Disguised as a gleeman or minstrel, he, next day, gained easy access among the crowd of company that thronged to the wedding; and, after exercising his talents in a variety of ways for the amusement of the guests, he was called upon by Ellen herself to play. It was then that, touching his harp with all the pathetic sensibility this deeply interesting occasion inspired, he infused his own feelings into the song he had composed, and breathed into his 'softened strain' the very soul of pensive melody. The sympathetic heart of Ellen instantly felt its force; she recognized her lover in his disguise, and, by that secret communication of sentiment that needs not the aid of words to convey it, intimated her unalterable attachment, and her readiness to fly with him from this reluctant engagement. The plan of escape was instantly concerted; the guests were more liberally supplied with usquebagh than even the festivity of the occasion called for; they were reduced to a state of insensibility, and the happy lovers easily effected their escape."

Note VII.

Immortal Howard, at thy honoured shrine, &c.—P. 57. l. 1.

John Howard, Esq., the ever-respected philanthropist. He devoted a long and active life to ameliorate the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, and diffuse happiness around him. His humanity was not confined to persons of a particular persuasion or country; it nobly embraced all his fellow-creatures of every sect and every clime, untainted with the proud intolerance of the bigot, or the self-arrogance of the sectary.

He visited, with unexampled patience and attention, all the prisons in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland. No expense, no personal consideration, no privation, no difficulty, not danger from disease, not the loathsomeness of the dungeon, not even the frowns of tyranny, could deter him from his glorious purpose! Nor were his humane and godlike exertions confined to his own country. He visited, at three different periods, the Prussian and Austrian dominions, and the free cities of Germany. He next went to Italy, Flanders, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Poland, Portugal, Spain, and France; in which latter country he was very near becoming an inhabitant of the infamous Bastile, from his manly representation of the horrors of its despotism. He next proceeded to Smyrna and Constantinople, "where that most dreadful of human distempers, the plague, prevailed, pleasing himself (as he expressed it) with the idea of not only learning, but of being able to communicate somewhat to the inhabitants of those distant regions." While in Turkey, in the fulfilment of his humane designs, he caught the plague, of which, however, he recovered, and immediately visited various hospitals and prisons. Once more he went to Scotland and to Ireland, and having returned to England again, departed thence with the intent

of revisiting Prussia, Turkey, &c. In 1789 he left his native land to accomplish his benevolent intentions for the melioration of human misery; one of his chief objects was the administering of Dr James's powder, as an efficacious medicine for the plague. It was on this expedition in Russian Tartary that the exalted Howard fell a victim to his humanity. He died of a malignant fever at Cherson, in the dominions of Russia, towards the northern extremity of the Black Sea, near Oczakow.

Thus perished a man who devoted his time, his fortune, his strength, his leisure, and, ultimately, his valued life, for the good of his fellow-creatures! A glorious close to a glorious existence!

Note VIII.

The rose of Shiraz with fragrance spring.—P. 88. l. 2.

Kæmpfer, speaking of Shiraz, says, "No spot on the globe can equal it in the excellence or rich produce of its vines and roses: and, as the rose gardens of Persia are the most copious and sweetest in the world, so those of Shiraz are the most fertile and fragrant in Persia."

Note IX.

The glittering diamond decomposed is coal.—P. 93. l. 14.

It has been fully ascertained, by modern experiments in chemistry, that the diamond, the hardest, as well as the most precious of all the gems, on its decomposition, becomes mere carbon, or coal. Carbon is susceptible of crystallization, and in that state is called DIAMOND.—See *Philosophical Transactions*, A. D. 1797, p. 123.

Note X.

And tell her not those pearly drops that fall,
Aroused at Sympathy's and Beauty's call,
Are mere secretions of organic pow'r,
Shed from the glands, as yield the clouds a shower.

P. 94. l. 7—10.

It is meant here to expose the absurd doctrine of some metaphysicians, who wish to consider the human race as mere automata, insisting that the various passions, feelings, and noble qualities which dignify human nature, arise not from the generous motives that inspire them, but that they are simply mere mechanical operations: which mischievous proposition would degrade man, "the paragon of animals," and noblest of the Creator's works; classify him with the brute or plant creation, and place his thoughts, motives, and actions, on a level with the contraction of the sun-flower, or the collapsion and expansion of the sensitive plant.

Note XI.

With Garnerin go! ascend the stary sphere.—P. 94. l. 21.

Monsieur Garnerin, the celebrated French aeronaut, who has made aerial excursions in France and in England.

Note XII.

Now view, in slow meandring maze,
Where Laune his mighty flood displays.—P. 108. l. 21, 22.

The river Laune is the grand outlet of the lakes; in a devious course of seven or eight miles it winds along, until its confluence with the river Main, when their tributary streams are received into the bay of Castlemain, whence they proceed to join the waters of the Atlantic ocean. The river Laune is navigable for small craft.

Note XIII.

O luckless Mona! &c.—P. 120. l. 1.

The Isle of Man, as well as Anglesea, is called *Mona*, the latter being so called by Cæsar in his Commentaries, which has been already noticed. All passports from the Isle of Man have inscribed in the margin, "*Insula Monæ.*" And, in a work published in that island, entitled "The Statutes and Ordinances of the Isle of Man. By T. Stowel, advocate. Douglas, printed by Briscoe, 1792," page 13, Man is likewise called, in a marginal reference, "Insula Monæ." From this work it appears that their "statutes" are equivalent to our *lex scripta*, or statute law, and their "ordinances" to our *lex non scripta*, or common law. The laws, or acts of the Isle of Man become such when they are passed by the lord of the isle, by his governor and council, and twenty-four keys, (the representatives of the people,) these being the three estates that compose the legislature of the island. But these acts do not become operative, nor have the force of laws, until, pursuant to immemorial usage, they are promulgated from the Tynwald Hill, which evidently appears to be a Danish mount, and is situated in the centre of the island: in the same manner Kenneth the Second, upon his conquest of the Picts in the 9th century, delivered his laws from a tumulus called the Mote Hill of Scone, where afterwards the Scottish kings were crowned.

Note XIV.

Unawed the soldier climbs o'er heaps of slain,
Stoutly bearing his manly breast opposed
'Gainst each conflicting woe of wasteful war,
— — — — — — —
— — — — — — —

Falls the warrior amid the bravely slain,
His meed the glory of Britannia's arms!

Page 123. l. 14—20.

"What! said Perdiccas to Alexander the Great, whose generosity had bereft him of every acquisition, all of which he had bestowed upon his friends; what, said Perdiccas, have you left yourself? 'My hopes!' replied the hero. 'Then', exclaimed Perdiccas, 'you will not take it ill if we who are to share with you in your dangers, desire to share with you also in your hopes."—PLUTARCH's *Life of Alexander.*

Note XV.

——— *though, like Danaë, won*
By molten gold pervading lofty towers,
Pervious to nought but Jove's almighty will.

P. 126. l. 16—18.

"Inclusam Danaë turris ahenea," &c.

HOR. Car. XVI. l. III.

And OVID. Amor. Lib. 3. Eleg. IV. v. 29.

"Jupiter admonitus nil esse potentius auro,
"Corruptæ pretium virginis ipse fuit."

I forget in what author the following line occurs, that even the gates of hell are not proof against its influence! as gold opens every thing.

"Χρυσὸς ἀνοιγει παντα, κ' αἰδα πύλας."

Note XVI.

The wand'ring minstrel on his way,
Here blithely on his harp would play
Some wild romaunt or melting lay.—P. 129. l. 7—9.

Giraldus Cambrensis, in his Topography of Ireland, cap. 11, lib. 8, speaks of the incomparable musical skill of the

Irish beyond every other nation he had observed. His words are : " In musicis instrumentis commendabilem invenio istius gentis diligentiam ; in quibus præ omni natione quam vidimus incomparabiliter est instructa."

This superior musical skill in the Irish nation is still further confirmed by Polydore Virgil, Camden, and others. Vide Wynne's History of Wales, page 159 ; Powel's History of Cambria, page 191 ; and Camden's Britannia, where is told a curious anecdote respecting the finding of buried treasure, discovered by means of the song of an Irish harper ; folio edition, A. D. 1695, page 1222. See also Mr Cooper Walker's Irish Bards, p. 69.

Dr Leland, in his preliminary discourse to his History of Ireland, page 15, observes, that the Irish " to verse and music are peculiarly addicted." Dr Warner, likewise, in his History of Ireland, vol. I. page 72, says, " the arts of poetry and music were encouraged to a degree of extravagance." And Mr O'Connor, in his " Dissertations on the History of Ireland, and on the Irish Colonies established in Britain," pages 57 and 67, goes over the same ground. He observes, that " a modern composer, one of the best musical judges in Europe, (it was Geminiani,) was so struck with the harmony of our airs, that he declared he found none of so original a turn on this side of the Alps."—O'Connor's *History of Ireland*, page 58. And, in a note, Mr O'Connor observes, that " Handel declared he would rather have been the composer of Eiblin A-roon (or " Ellen, my Secret Love," of which I have already taken notice) than of all the music he had ever composed !"

I cannot refrain from here giving an authentic anecdote of one of the most distinguished of our bards, the blind and venerable minstrel, Carolan, conveying, as it does, so powerful a testimony of his unequalled musical genius.

" Geminiani, the most celebrated musician of his day,

wishing to put his [Carolan's] talents to the test, sent to him an *Italian* composition, which he had purposely mutilated in such a way as to evade the detection of any person but one of the most nice and genuine musical discernment. It was played for Carolan, who admired the composition, but remarked, in Irish, ' ta sa air chois baccaigh,' it limps like a lame man. He instantly took up his harp, and supplied what he said it wanted, and this being added to the tune, it was sent back to Geminiani ; to his astonishment, he found Carolan had inserted, by the natural force of his genius, the very passages which he had obliterated, and he ever after pronounced him a genuine son of song. From his report, the merit and reputation of our bard extended even to Italy, where he is known at this day by the name of Carolonius !"—*Sketch of the Life of Carolan*, p. 3.

Note XVII.

The friend and succour of the poor,
She oped the hospitable door.—P. 130. l. 1, 2.

It is the uniform established custom throughout Ireland, that while the cottier and peasant are at their frugal meal, the hospitable door is flung open to the stranger, who, if he will enter, will be sure to find himself a welcome guest: speaking in unequivocal language, " here is comfort for the weary traveller, our pittance we will divide with the hungry and distressed !"

" Blest that abode where want and pain repair,
" And ev'ry stranger finds a ready chair."

GOLDSMITH.

It may gratify the reader here to mention some particulars relating to a supposed violation of this " unwritten law" of Irish hospitality, or usage of leaving the door open

during dinner-hour, on the part of one of the ancestors of the Earl of Howth, as it was accompanied with circumstances eventful to the heir-apparent of the earldom, and has been subsequently attended with a remarkable usage, which exists to the present hour in that noble family. (1812.)

Grace O'Maly, celebrated in Irish story, but better known by the popular appellation of "Grana Uile," was the daughter of a powerful chieftain on the coast of Mayo, who resided at Carigahooly Castle. Grace and her father both flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; O'Maly was powerful in gallies and seamen, and was considered so formidable for his numerous piracies, that the lord-deputy Sidney, in 1576, wrote to the council in England noticing the depredations which he had committed. Grace, or Grana Uile, was a very high-spirited lady, and having accompanied her father in many naval expeditions, imbibed a taste for nautical depredations; and, upon his death, became formidable for her piracies, which being represented to Elizabeth, a large sum was offered for apprehending her. To make her peace, therefore, Grana Uile proceeded to the court of Britain, and having succeeded, returned to Ireland, and landed in a little creek near Howth. She approached the castle, and found the gates shut, the family being at dinner. After some enquiries, it was discovered that Lord Howth had a child nursing not far off; it was a boy, and heir to the title: she carried the youth on board her vessel, immediately set sail, and safely arrived at Carigahooly; nor was the child restored until the Earl paid a large ransom, as a punishment for his inhospitality.

In the state bed-chamber of Howth Castle is shewn an ancient painting commemorative of this event: Grana is represented mounted on a grey horse, not in the most feminine attitude, and about to carry off the child along with

her. In consequence of the stipulation then entered into between this amazon pirate and the then Lord Howth, it is a positive fact that the gates of Howth Castle, and the door of the great hall, are still open, summer and winter, until ten o'clock at night! so faithfully has the contract been observed.

"History informs us that the name of this ancient family, which is of English extraction, was originally Tristrem, till, on St Lawrence's day, Sir Almericus Tristrem being to command an army against the Danes near Clontarffe, made a vow to that saint, that, if he got the victory, he and his posterity, in honour of him, should bear the name of St Lawrence, which has so continued to this time; and the sword wherewith he fought is now hanging up at the great hall of Howth, the seat of the present lord."—KIMBER's *Peerage*. London, 1762, page 116.

The armour, or part of it, the helmet and breast-plate, are still shown in the hall of the castle, and also his sword. The point of the sword is broken. His tomb, which is very ancient, is within the ruined church of the abbey in Howth town.

The promontory of Howth, which forms the northern entrance of the bay of Dublin, is distant eight miles from that city. It was anciently called Ben-hedar, *i. e.* the Bird's Promontory, or Cape; and was celebrated for having been the spot where the royal palace of Criomthan had been erected. He had been chief, or king, of the district; and he is memorable for having made several successful descents on the coast of Britain against the Romans, in the time of Agricola.

In the rolls office, Dublin, there is a grant from Edward the First of the lordship or seigniory of *Howde* to Almeric Saint Lawrence. Ben-hedar being the ancient name of this head-land, Hedar might easily be corrupted into Hade,

Hade into Howde, and then the transition from Howde to Howth, the present name, is easy, and hence I conceive the etymology may be traced.

Note XVIII.

For Nelson slain while sighs the gale.—P. 132. l. 1.

"The battle of Trafalgar was fought on the 21st of October, 1805; on the 23d a violent gale of wind commenced, which continued unabated for nearly two days."—BEATTIE's *Account of the Last Moments of Lord Nelson.*

The intelligence of this glorious and important victory was conveyed to Dublin from Holyhead in Captain Skinner's vessel, in which I happened to be a passenger. We landed so early as six o'clock A. M., at the village of Dunleary, which is distant only about six miles from Dublin; but, most strange to relate, it was not until towards the afternoon the public were made acquainted *officially* with that most important communication. But it is presumed "the sleepy grooms" had been previously instructed not to "awaken" the drowsy secretary "with their knocking!"

Note XIX.

Unequall'd Washington, and art thou fled?—P. 136. l. 1.

The character, talents, virtues, and moderation of this great patriot, warrior, and legislator, are generally known; but it is only in reading his life that we become intimately acquainted with his persevering genius, his order, his regularity, and his never-failing presence of mind, (the true attribute of a hero,) and it is then we justly appreciate their value. Washington, indeed, had no common difficulties to contend with; he had frequently to oppose a formidable exterior to his enemies, when, in reality, he had but a very scanty force to support him. How arduous, and how dispiriting the task he had to carry on with the Congress to

avoid their jealousy, procure their sanction of those measures that imperious necessity prescribed, and, finally, to secure their unanimity; thus the delays resulting from the above causes often proved nearly fatal to his plans. But these were not the only difficulties he had to encounter, there were others still more serious; he was under the necessity of inoculating his army to diminish the fatal asperity of a contagion (the small-pox) which had been imported from Europe. The short period of time for which the services of the militia were enrolled, was another evil which formidably tended to embarrass his operations. It often happened that Washington was unfortunately without cavalry, and without commissaries; and, stranger still, sometimes he was even without an army! his mind still firm and unbending; his genius and indefatigable industry supported him throughout, still the hero rallied his forces, and emerged from every difficulty with unshaken hope and dignified resolution. He saved his country; he gave her glory; he gave her freedom; he gave her peace! And then, with the moderation and magnanimity of an exalted spirit, he restored to America, amid the blessings and applauses of the people, that power they had delegated to him in the hour of adversity, pure and unstained, as it had been received. Thus, surpassing all the characters we read of in Greek or Roman story, he retired, crowned with glory, into rural seclusion; and, when the enemies of America and freedom (the French) menaced his country, his old, but undaunted hand again seized the warrior's truncheon, he rallied the forces of his country, and awed her enemies once more.

"Finem dignum et optimo viro, et opere."

Having said thus much of this illustrious man, I cannot conclude this note without observing, that not only the glo-

ry, but the morals of his country were dear to Washington, he having bequeathed a great part of his wealth for the public instruction of the youth of America.

Note XX.

Like the brave Roman, to thy native soil.—P. 136. l. 10.

T. Quintus Cincinnatus, a Roman senator, who being called from the plough, was made dictator of Rome, and having atchieved several glorious actions, laid down his high office. Livy the historian thus speaks of his exploits: "T. Quinctius, semel acie victor binis castris hostium, novem oppidis vi captis, Praeneste in deditionem accepto Romam revertit; triumphansque signum, Praeneste devectum, Jovis imperatoris in capitolium tulit. Dedicatum est inter cellam Jovis ac Minervae; tabulaque sub eo fixa monumentum serum gestarum, his ferme incisa literis fuit: *Jupiter atque divi omnes hoc dederunt, ut T. Quinctius dictator oppida novem caperet.* Die vicessimo, quam creatus erat dictatura se abdicavit."—Livy, L. vi. c. xxix.

Note XXI.

The bird of Jove thy forky fasces bore,
And hurl'd defiance on the hostile shore.—P. 137. l. 5, 6.

The armorial ensign of the United States of America is an eagle with expanded wings and open beak, in a protecting or defensive posture; on his breast is borne the escutcheon of the republic; in the dexter talon an olive branch, to which the eagle's head inclines; in the sinister is held a *fasces*, or bundle of arrows, the motto, *e pluribus unum.* It may be recollected, that, in Roman antiquity, the fasces were axes tied up together with rods or staves, and carried before the Roman magistrates as a badge of their office and authority. According to Florus, the use of the fasces was

introduced by the elder Tarquin, the fifth king of Rome, and were then the designating mark of sovereign power.

Note XXII.

On seeing a Fairy Ring.—P. 143.

The phenomena of fairy circles, or rings, which may be observed in old pastures, have been, by some, attributed to lightning. The popular belief in fairies, (or the good people, as they are respectfully termed in Ireland,) and that those circles are traced by them in their dances, is the idea assumed in this poem. The belief in the existence of fairies is very prevalent, not only in the remote parts of Ireland, but even in the counties adjoining the metropolis.

"The Irish, whose pregnant fancy teemed with invention, had their traditional tales of fairies embellished with all the extravagance of curious fiction. Their mythology, like that of the Greeks and Romans, peopled every place with visionary inhabitants; and every mountain, river, and wood, had its Dryades, Naiads, and Hamadryads. The principal of those airy beings are comprised in the following Irish couplet:

"*Meiv Seiv agus Dheerdhera,*
"*Agus Clena na Craigge leagh.*"

"Meib Saib and Dherdhera,
"And Clena of the holy Cliff."

"Clena was the queen of the visionary people of the mountain of Craigleagh, in the county of Clare, and is held at this day in high veneration; but the paramount fairy queen of Ireland was Maidib, that is, mortifying the *d*, Maib, pronounced Meiv, by a common metathesis of *v* for *b* in Irish.

" From this country the appellation was conveyed to Scotland, and from thence to the north of England. It was here that Shakspeare, who abounds with northern provincial terms, found our Meib, espoused her to Oberon, and adopted her by the name of Mab, as his " Fairy Queen." No less a favourite with Carolan than Shakspeare, he too has paid the tribute of song, and our

——— Fancy's sweetest child,
Warbling his native woodnotes wild,

has done duteous homage to his queen, in one of his sweetest melodies, viz. ' Carolan's Fairy Queen," or BAN REAN NA SHIVREE."—*Syllabus of Commemoration of Carolan*, pp. 12—14. Dublin, 1809.

The philosophic reader, who may wish to have the phenomena of " fairy rings" naturally and satisfactorily accounted for, will obtain this information by recurring to an essay read March 12, 1807, by Dr W. Hyde Wollaston, F.R.S., where it is shewn that these circles are produced from the rankness of the soil, caused by the spawn of fungi, mushrooms, and champignons. " The position of these mushrooms is solely situated at the exterior margin of the dark ring of grass, which led him [Dr W.] to conjecture that progressive increase from a central point was the probable mode of formation of the ring." And this hypothesis he fully proves, from repeated experiments which he has undertaken, the result of which he found to be, that " the soil, each successive year, becoming exhausted from the fungi it had supported, consequently every year the circle would enlarge, which circumstance he repeatedly found to be the case; and, upon examination, found always a great, but variable increase of those circles, some from

eight inches, and others so much as two feet in each year." The Doctor compares, very ingeniously, in support of his hypothesis, "the form of the space of the white spawn to that of a wave proceeding from the centre outwards, as its boundary on the inner side ascends obliquely toward the surface, while its exterior termination is nearly in a vertical position. Besides these mushrooms, fungi, and champignons, there are other fungi that exhibit the same mode of extension, and produce the same effect upon the herbage. The mushrooms make circles of the longest diameter, but those of the champignon are the most regular."—*On Fairy Rings. By William Hyde Wollaston, M. D. Sec. R. S. From the Philosophical Transactions.* London, Bulmer, 1807.

Note XXIII.

Thus pleased, as parts the satiate guest,
We'll sink on Slumber's balmy breast.—P. 147. l. 5, 6.

——————— "raro qui se vixisse beatum
"Dicat, et exacto contentus tempore vitæ,
"Cedat, uti conviva satur, reperire queamus!"
HOR. Sat. LI. S. I.

Note XXIV.

On London's scaffold Wallace fell.—P. 150. l. 3.

"This was the unworthy fate of a hero, (observes Hume the historian,) who, through a course of many years, had, with signal conduct, intrepidity, and perseverance, defended, against a public and oppressive enemy, the liberties of his country."—HUME'S *History of England*, vol. II. p. 257.

Smollett likewise makes most honourable mention of the

patriot warrior. "He was brought (says this celebrated historian) to his trial at Westminster-hall, where he was placed upon a high chair, and crowned with laurel, in derision. Being accused of treason, he pleaded, not guilty, and refused to own the jurisdiction of the court, affirming it was equally unjust and absurd to charge him with treason against a prince whose sovereignty he had never acknowledged; and that, as he was a free-born native of an independent nation, he could not be deemed subject to the laws of England. The judges over-ruled his plea, and, upon the maxim of Edward's being the immediate sovereign of Scotland, found him guilty of high treason. He was condemned to die the death of a traitor, and the sentence being executed with all the circumstances of barbarity, his head and quarters were exposed in the chief cities of England. This was a mean triumph in Edward over a man of whose reputation he was envious.....

.....

Edward was a prince of great courage and abilities; but there was nothing liberal in his disposition; he had seen repeated proofs of this man's invincible prowess and patriotism; he had made repeated efforts to corrupt his integrity; he must have admired his character when he sacrificed him to his jealousy and revenge. Edward condemned him as a traitor; Henry II. would have reve. ' him as an hero."—SMOLLETT's *History of England*, vol. ..I. pp. 203, 204.

The distinguished Dr Robertson, in his History of Scotland, also bears honourable testimony to the worth and talents of Sir William Wallace.

He was "a hero to whom the fond admiration of his countrymen hath ascribed many fabulous acts of prowess, though his real valour, as well as integrity and wisdom, was such as needs not the heightenings of fiction. He al-

most singly ventured to take arms in defence of the kingdom, and his boldness revived the spirit of his countrymen." —*History of Scotland during the Reigns of Queen Mary and of King James VI., till his Accession to the Crown of England. By William Robertson, D. D.* vol. I. page 7.

Note XXV.

Scotia, thy warrior chief deplore,
The hero, Wallace, is no more!—P. 150. l. 7, 8.

In Scotland, as well as in Ireland, it was usual for a death-song to be pronounced on the deceased chief, expressive of his worth, valour, and accomplishments. This is beautifully illustrated in the poem of Glenfinlas, or Lord Ronald's Coronach, which " is the lamentation for a deceased warrior, sung by the aged of the clan."—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. II. p. 407.

In Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards, by the late learned and ingenious Joseph Cooper Walker, Esq., page 17, this prevailing custom is noticed: " When a prince or chief fell in battle, or died by the course of nature, the stones of his fame were raised amidst the voices of bards, and the funeral-song chaunted by minstrels and attending bards, the relations and friends of the deceased mingling their sighs and tears." Indeed, this ceremony appears also, from the antiquarian Camden, and the celebrated naturalist and tourist, Mr Pennant, to have long prevailed in Ireland. Mr O'Connor, in his History of Ireland, page 123, Dublin ed. 1812, says, " this inveterate custom entered so deeply into the manners of the nation, as to outlive, in some degree, all revolutions. The female chorus is continued to this day at our funerals in Ireland, and in the Highlands of Scotland." However, I am inclined to think that this death-song, Irish *cry*, or *ululatus*, is chiefly confined to the provinces of Munster and Connaught.

Note XXVI.

Whose deeds, inscribed by deathless fame,
Shall grateful Scotia long proclaim.—P. 150. l. 15, 16.

"A stone column, thirteen feet high, containing a suitable inscription, has been erected on the top of Redding-rig Moor, to the memory of that illustrious Scottish patriot, Sir William Wallace. The above-mentioned spot was selected for the site of the column on account of a prevalent tradition, importing, that Wallace, in consequence of a misunderstanding with the other commanders, withdrew, with his party, to that place; from which, seated on a stone which still remains, he viewed the unfortunate battle of Falkirk."—*Edinburgh Annual Register for* 1810, vol. III. part II. page 139.

Note XXVII.

These votive lines belong to you,
Accept them from your country too!—P. 155. l. 15, 16.

To "the Humane Society" the above humble, but well-deserved tribute of applause is intended. Truly, indeed, and gloriously, are these valuable personages distinguished by the well-deserved epithet of "humane," nobly instituted, as they are, for the godlike purposes of restoring persons apparently drowned to life.

Note XXVIII.

Let tranquil Peace sojourn meanwhile,
Her olive grace the sainted isle.—P. 157. l. 15, 16.

"In the western world (says the eloquent Gibbon) the olive was the companion as well as the symbol of peace."—*History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol. I. p. 75.

It must be tolerably evident that Ireland is here meant

by " the sainted isle." In O'Flaherty's Ogygia, vol. I. p. 32, Ireland is styled " the Isle of Saints, as well by reason of its almost innumerable seminaries and colleges, as because it furnished all parts of the world with saints and learned men for the propagation of Christianity. The temperature of the climate, and fertility of the soil, had deservedly conferred on it the name of the " *Sacred Island*," which was given to it many ages before the birth of Christ, by the Greeks; for from ΙΕΡΟΣ, which means holy (sacred) Ierna, and Ierne, have been derived."

O'Connor says " the vernacular names of Ireland were many; some descriptive, as Fiodh-Inis, the Woody Isle; Inisfail, the Isle of Destiny, from the famous Stone Liafail; Inis-Ealga, the Noble Isle, &c."—*O Connor's Dissertations on the History of Ireland*, page 175.

The poet Rufus Festus Avienus, in his book De Oris Maritimis, speaking of Ireland, calls it the *Sacred Island*.

" Ast hinc duobus in sacrem, sic insulam
" Dixere prisci, solibus cursus rati est:
" Hæc inter undas multum cespitem jacit;
" Eamque late gens Hibernorum colit.
" Propinqua rursus insula Albionum patet."

See also O'Halloran's History of Ireland, vol. I. p. 164. Dublin edit. 1803.

Gibbon, too, the distinguished historian, speaks of " the missionaries of the *Isle of Saints*, who diffused the light of Christianity over North Britain."—GIBBON's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Dublin edit. 1787, vol. IV. p. 264.

Before I finally take leave of the reader, it is not un-

worthy of noticing how very little Ireland is known to my fellow-subjects of Great Britain. This is the more extraordinary, as it requires not more than three days to travel from London to Dublin. This, added to the great facility of travelling in Ireland, the number and excellence of every appointment in the various mail-carriages, stage-coaches, besides posting, and the remarkably cheap and commodious conveyance presented by the canal passage-boats, &c. must consequently increase our wonder.

Aware in a certain degree, however, that the intercourse of the English with Ireland was very confined, yet I could not suppose that the want of information as to the internal state of Ireland was so great as I have found it to be, and can only account for it by the fabulous legends of the London journals, which are in the habit of reviling this much-calumniated country; whose traducers, to use the words of Stanihurst the historian, in his Vindication of Ireland, "are evidently the partizans of falsehood, in opposition to the clearest truth;" indeed, their mis-statements are so maliciously blundering, that they remind one of a reference of the celebrated Lord Clarendon, in his History of the Civil War,—"for *Ireland*, vide *Rebellion!*"

It was with pain and astonishment I read the following passage in a liberal and valuable work, "Aikin's Annual Review," which is contained in a critique on Sir Richard Colt Hoare's "Journal of a Tour in Ireland," A. D. 1806: "From the want of books, and living information, we have been led to suppose the country rude, the inhabitants savage, the paths dangerous, *and hence have been, in a great measure, deterred from exploring them.*"—AIKIN'S *Annual Review*, vol. VI. p. 490.

Has Ireland then indeed degenerated to a savage state from the proud pre-eminence she once possessed! At a time, too, when the greater portion of Europe was sunk in igno-

rance and barbarism, the sun of science and of literature even then shone on our isle, not confining its rays to this country alone, but diffusing them on the surrounding nations? Hither students from England and the continent resorted; here, too, the renowned Alfred imbibed that wisdom and piety for which he was designated *great;* from Ireland he procured professors for Oxford. Ireland also gave professors to the cities of distant lands, to Paris, and to Pavia.

"When Europe groaned under the servitude of Gothic ignorance, Ireland became the prime seat of learning to all Christendom. Hither the sciences, such as they were in those ages, fled for protection; and here their followers and professors were amply supported. For the converted Saxons the nation erected, in the west, the College of Mayo, to this day called Mayo of the Saxons; and here it was that the princes Alfred and Oswald received their education. In the city of Ardmacha, it is affirmed that no fewer than seven thousand scholars studied, at the same time, within its university, although the kingdom, at that time, contained several other academies, equally celebrated, if not equally numerous."—O'CONNOR'S *History of Ireland*, p. 202-3.

The celebrated Doctor Samuel Johnson, in a letter to the historian I have here quoted, recognizes this proud epoch in Irish history: his words are, "the ages which deserve an exact enquiry, are those times (for such times there were) when Ireland was the school of the west, the quiet habitation of sanctity and literature."

Ireland, for arts and arms renowned, ever dear to the sons of science and of song; not unregarded by the sonorous reed of Tasso, and sweetly attuned to the fairy lyre of Spenser! While proudly vindicating the wounded character of my country, I shall remain purposely silent on the

merits of her native inhabitants, who have spoke, wrote, or fought in defence of the empire, and merely urge what has been said by strangers in her praise. I shall confine myself to four authorities, however distant in time they may have flourished, or however varying in profession or in language—Tacitus, Sir John Davis, Lord Coke, and Peter Lombard, Archbishop of Paris. The words of Tacitus are,—"Solum cælumque et ingenia cultus que hominum haud multum a Britannia differunt. Melius aditus portusque pe commercia et negociatores cogniti."—*Julii Agricolæ Vita*, p. 579. Amstelodami, 1701.

Sir J. Davis, who was attorney-general, and speaker of the House of Commons in Ireland, says, in his "Historical Tracts," "the bodies and minds of the people [are] endued with extraordinary abilities of nature;" and, in another place he says, "that no nation loves equal and impartial justice better than the Irish!" And Lord Coke, on the same subject, expresses himself thus: "There is no nation that are greater lovers of justice; which virtue must necessarily be accompanied by many others." Peter Lombard, who was well known by the title of "*The Master of the Sentences*," the learned Archbishop of Paris, says, speaking of the Irish, "They are delighted with music and poetry; are greatly inclined to a military life, and adapted for war in an equal degree with the bravest nations upon earth; for they are courageous, valiant, dexterous, and eminently qualified as well for the whole range of military science, as for the use and practice of all kinds of arms. They are very fond of the sciences, or liberal arts, and hold the learned in the greatest estimation. They are also, in general, men of acute and lively understandings, and, when opportunity offers, apply themselves willingly to studies, and prosecute them with diligence; but they are more inclined to those kind of studies or sciences which demand subtlety of genius,

than to those that demand no mental exertion."—PETER LOMBARD, *de Hibern.* p. 112, edit. Lovan. This account of Ireland I beg the reader to observe was written seven hundred years ago. What, Ireland "a rude country," and her "natives savages!" I can most truly assure the learned conductors of the work alluded to, that so far from being rude, it is a country abounding with beautiful and diversified scenery, far, very far more picturesque than England; not so well wooded as when the epithet Fidh-Inis, "the Woody Island," was bestowed upon it; nor as it was in the days of Elizabeth, when Sir Walter Raleigh objected to it on that account; nor so highly cultivated as Hampshire, yet it commands attention and admiration too, from its great, bold, and striking outlines, sublime and lofty mountains, overtopping, undulating hills, and luxuriant vales; where the "ivy mantled tower," the ruined monastery, or the castle's mouldering pile, grand and magnificent even in decay; and those round towers, peculiar to Ireland, irresistibly arrest the traveller's enquiring eye, while his melancholy admiration, elicited in unison with the scene, wanders back to the grandeur of the days that are past. So far remote, I must observe, are the natives from being "savages," that the very humblest peasant or labourer will salute you as you pass, and give you a valediction.

"The paths," so very far from being "dangerous," are carefully kept in excellent repair; indeed the very cross-roads, although inferior to the direct or great public roads, are superior to those in England. This, it is presumed, arises from the abundance and cheapness of convenient materials, namely, flint-stone, granite, gravel, and limestone rock, these being very abundant throughout Ireland. The Irish inns, with some exceptions, are not inferior to those of England; their charges very moderate, the civility great, the entertainment excellent, the wines genuine. So very

remote are the Irish from being "savages," I must say, that the very peasantry are an unoffending, hospitable, civil, and humane race of people; even the most wretched individual amongst them never

"Against the houseless stranger shuts the door."

And still,

"Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,"

yet will he, with heartfelt pleasure, divide his frugal meal and share his humble roof with the way-worn traveller. This is universal throughout Ireland. That the cottages of the Irish peasants are, in many places, poor and miserable, is not to be wondered at, when, on inquiry, you find that the lord of the soil is an ennobled absentee, who has never permitted his presence to cheer the face of that country from whence the supplies of his extravagance in the metropolis of the empire are extracted, who most readily pockets the remittances, but who is solicitous never to be *bored* by even mention being made of his *savage* tenantry, and considers the mere necessary signatures of renewal as an intolerable effort of animal exertion!

In the summer of 1807 I took a tour through a great extent in Ireland, in distance about five hundred Irish miles, (which are equal to 650 English,) and during an excursion of two months, I was abroad early and late, yet never met with any molestation whatever; and, in subsequent journeys since, at all hours, by day and by night, I have travelled without any impediment or stoppage whatever. The return to Dublin from the tour of 1807 lay chiefly by the sea shore, through parts of the western, southern, and east-

ern coasts of Ireland. One summer evening, travelling in the county of Wicklow, I arrived somewhat late at an inn, which was crowded with parties from Dublin, &c. to view the romantic and picturesque beauties of that county, the scene of the " Sweet Vale of Avoca, " The Meeting of the Waters," &c. This assemblage is ever usual in summer time, attracted by the beauteous scenery of Wicklow, at once wild, picturesque, and romantic, and the vicinity of this county to the Irish metropolis. In consequence of an unusual pressure of guests, I was obliged to proceed onward in the dark, though late the hour, for some miles, and, arriving unseasonably at the next stage, where the inn happened to be also equally crowded, was then informed that no bed was to be obtained ; the horses being accommodated, however, I determined to sit up all night; to this resolve the proprietor of the inn would by no means agree, and a bed was politely relinquished to me. Such was the attention and hospitality with which an utter stranger was received. " The Athenians understand what is right, but the Lacedæmonians practise it."

While breaking a spear in the lists of my country, the hospitality of the Irish gentry must not be passed over; indeed, it was most kind, attentive, and endearing ; and, had we acceded to the various pressing invitations we received, we should have had little occasion certainly to have sojourned at any inn throughout this extended tour; and I never can think of the civilities I received but with the most grateful recollections. While engaged in this singularly interesting circuit, viewing the lofty mountains, the varied scenery of hill and vale, the broad and rapid rivers, the princely seats and magnificent demesnes, the luxuriant islands, lakes, and groves,

" So wond'rous wild, the whole might seem
" The scenery of a fairy dream ;"

shores the most bold, and bays the most expansive and secure, with a hardy and a virtuous peasantry; I could not but often (in the words of the distinguished bard of Caledonia) exclaim to myself exultingly,—

" This is my own, my native land!"

We were much pleased with the becoming dress of the peasantry of the county of Kerry; and that of the lower class of female peasants of Killarney, we observed as being remarkably neat and graceful. But I was most forcibly struck with the beauty of the peasantry of the county of Wexford: The peasants, of each sex, are a comely race, possessing lively and expressive features, fair complexions, fine hair, and good persons. Their costume might grace an Arcadian landscape; both males and females wore becoming yellow straw hats, the remainder of their dress appropriate, if not elegant, while they were seen busily employed at the sickle, where

" Unbounded harvests hung the heavy head."

I cannot conclude this hasty tribute to my country without noticing, with pleasure, that the love of science and the belles lettres is rapidly increasing in Ireland; annually several thousand volumes, in the various modern languages of Europe, &c. are imported into Dublin, Cork, Belfast, &c. Do " savages" cultivate letters? If common sense did not point out, we might quote Ovid, who says, in a well-known line, that science refines manners, not permitting them to be savage, " *emollit mores, nec sinet esse feros.*" Indeed, where-

ever science is cultivated, we may deduce it as certainly as a corollary to any mathematical proposition, that there too will the fine arts and manufactures flourish; for science may be considered as the centre, the arts are only the radii of the circle.

POSTSCRIPT.

Subsequent to these notes being written, I discovered, upon perusing Sir Richard Colt Hoare's Tour in Ireland, that, in the passage selected from the Annual Review, and commented on in these notes, that the words are those of Sir R. C. Hoare, and that the last line only, marked in *Italics*, belongs to the Reviewers; I was led into this mistake by not having at that time read the volume reviewed, the work of a gentleman and a scholar, who is liberal as he is learned; and, further, I was deceived from the passage not being marked with inverted commas, which is usual when quotations are extracted. No doubt, there still may be many other faults, (although no pains has been spared to detect them,) which possibly have escaped the author's diligence and research; for indeed, what Horace has said of mankind in general, may be applied to literary productions—

—— "*Vitiis nemo sine nascitur: optimus ille est,*
"*Qui minimis urgetur.*"

These remarks shall now finally close with Sir Richard C. Hoare's character of the peasantry of Ireland:—"Neither is the heart of the poorest cottier a stranger to these generous feelings [of hospitality;] his jug of milk and plate

of potatoes are charitably offered alike to the errand-boy and to the mendicant who appears before his door; in short, charity throughout the whole island supplies the want of poor laws."—" Englishman! do thou likewise."—*Journal of a Tour in Ireland*, A. D. 1806. By Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart. F.R.S. F.A.S. Lond. 1807, pp. 329, 330.

THE END.

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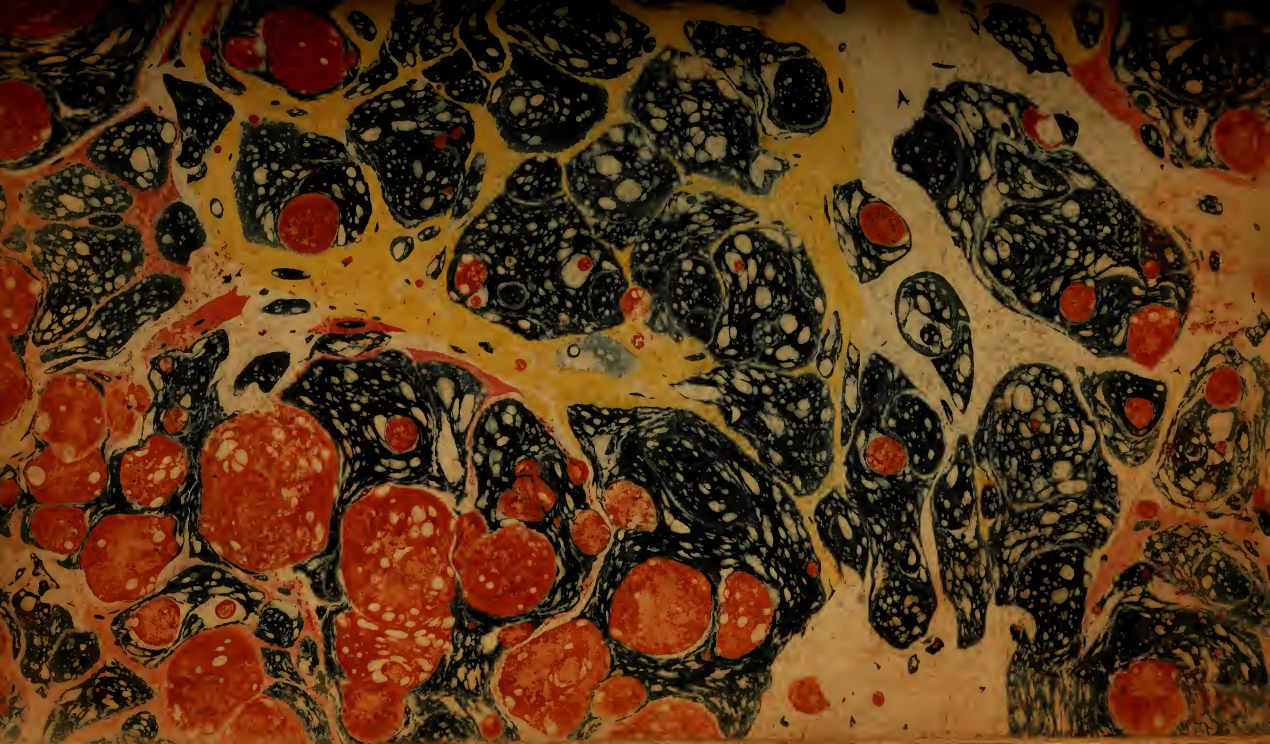

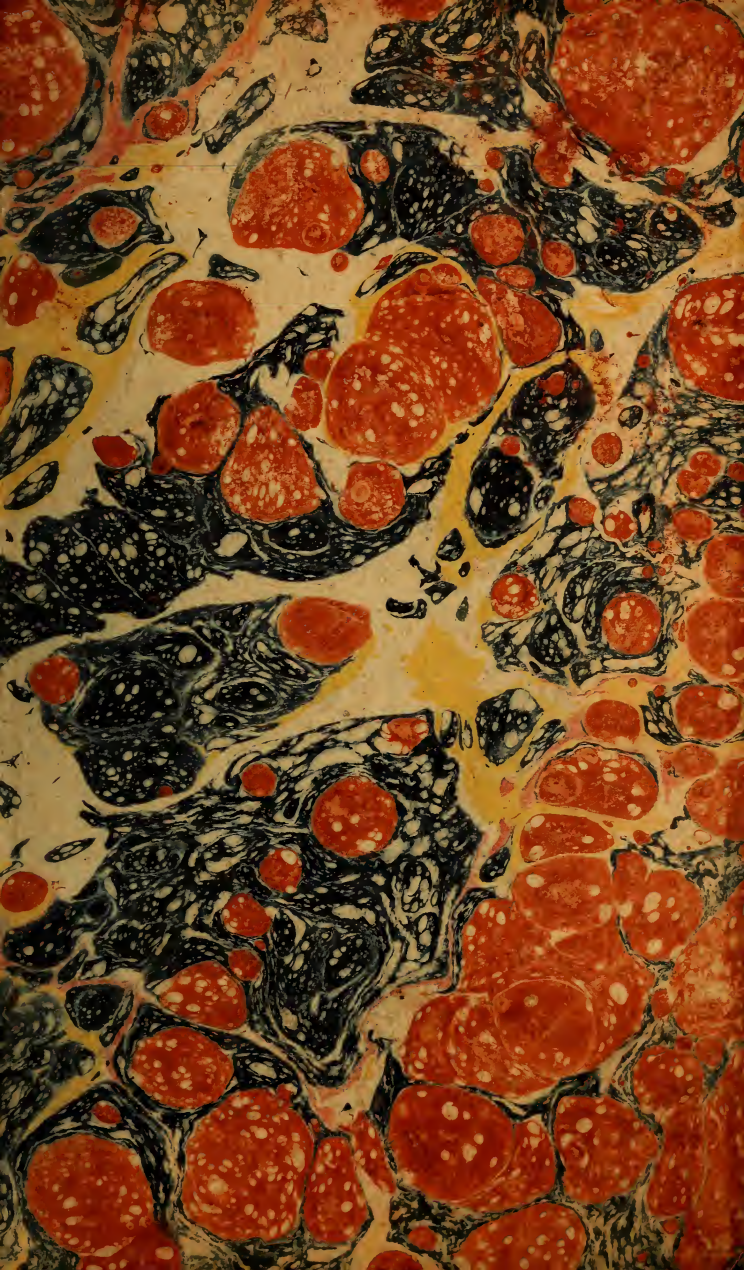

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